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To Readers and Correspondents.

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Reign of George the First. 1714—1727.

(Continued from page 5)

THE Journals of this time are very fully occupied by various speculations about the Pretender and his adherents, more especially those of them who had fled from England to join his standard. *The Daily Courant* of the 13th of February, 1719, mentions that they had received advice from Paris that the late Duke of ORMONDE was still in Spain, and that he was soliciting the Court of Madrid to give him the command in chief of His Catholic Majesty's army, so that the Report which had been circulated of his embarking at Bilbao must be groundless. The Pretender's affairs are stated to be much embarrassed by the great variance there was between the late Duke of ORMONDE and the Earl of MAR; the latter using all his endeavours to hinder the other coming to reside with the Pretender, or meddling much with his affairs; chusing rather to negotiate himself at Rome with Cardinal ACQUAVIVA, than to commit to the late Duke the management of the Pretender's affairs at the Court of Madrid.

Soon after this there was a report in some of the newspapers of the Pretender himself having been seized at Voghera in the Milanese, and of his being conducted to the Castle of Milan. A paragraph in a subsequent journal states, however, that it was only some of the Pretender's retinue that had been taken; and shortly after, these diminish to the common domestics in his service.

The offence of speaking against the government and of drinking the Pretender's health, which was a very common one, was severely punished whenever the delinquent could be brought to justice, and the public journals are full of accounts of whippings and punishment by the pillory of disaffected persons who thus violated the law.

"On Tuesday last, a man stood in the pillory at Aldgate, for speaking disrespectfully of His Majesty and his Government.

"The same day a private centinel of the First Regiment of Guards ran the gauntlet in St. James's Park, for saying that all the officers and soldiers in the Scotch Regiment were Jacobites and Rebels, or words to that effect."

Mr. Justice POWYS, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench during the reign of GEORGE the First, thus describes a portion of his circuit duties in a letter to Lord Chancellor MACCLESFIELD, written during August in 1719:

"A man of Rochester, worth nothing, was convicted before me of drinking the Pretender's health. I ordered him to be whipt in open market, twice, till his back was bloody, with a month between the first and second whipping.

"And at Lewes, a man of Rye was convicted before me for drinking the health of King James the Third, and saying he knew no such person as King George. * * * * I fined him a hundred pounds. * * * * I told him that by paying a hundred pounds to King George, he would certainly know there is such a person."

The learned Judge goes on to tell the Chancellor that he had lately always ordered corporeal or pecuniary punishment upon state offenders, "as having a better effect upon shameless people, and without giving the mob an opportunity to be troublesome."

In Scotland, more especially in the highlands and in the mountain districts, the Jacobite party still retained its power, and occasionally made incursions into the lowland districts. The following curious notice of a nobleman who was conspicuous for his support of the Pretender in 1745, and who suffered death as a traitor on Tower Hill, for the part he acted on that occasion, occurs in *The Daily Courant* of 1718. Lord LOVAT, however, throughout his career dissembled the part he took, and, indeed, seems to have contrived to have been in the confidence and in correspondence both with the party of the King and that of the Pretender at the same time, who he alternately supported as the interest of either seemed likely to be predominant, or to prove subservient to his views.

"Inverness, July 19.—Yesterday, the Right Hon. the Lord Lovat arriv'd here, to the great joy and satisfaction of all those loyal subjects who honour his sacred Majesty King George, and love his Government. As soon as he was known to be within a few miles of this place, the country gentlemen and our magistrates, with a considerable number of the inhabitants, went out to meet his Lordship, as did also several hundred of his kindred, who met him with the greatest demonstrations of joy and respect, some miles to the east of Inverness, and convey'd him through the town to his Lordship's house at Beaufort; then went to their respective houses, and lighted bonfires in all their villages; which shows

the extraordinary love his people have for him, and for all who are well-affected to His Majesty King George."

A little after this, the same sources of intelligence furnish us with an account of this old arch-rebel's arrival in London, where he at once proceeded to Court, and paid his duty to his Prince with all the outward tokens of a loyal subject.

"Last Tuesday the Right Hon. the Lord Lovat arrived here from Scotland, and next day had the honour to kiss His Majesty's hand, by whom he was most graciously received, being introduced by the Right Hon. the Lord Viscount Lonsdale, then in waiting."

Rumours of forces for the Pretender landing in Scotland are very frequent in the newspapers of this period, and constant skirmishes were in the habit of taking place between the King's forces and the rebels.

"Inverness, May 8, 1719.—A person who came this day from the Rebels' Quarters, which he left the first instant, reports that they are lodged in houses and huts built by themselves, within two miles of the place where they landed. That he never saw above fifty of them together, but is assured they are mostly Spaniards, with about sixty Scotch and Irish gentlemen and supernumerary officers, and that their whole number does not exceed 400; that the late Marquis of Tullibardine commands in chief; and that they have an outguard about twelve miles distant from their quarters. They do not seem disposed to make any motion till they are assured of a descent in England. One of His Majesty's ships is arrived at Cromarty. Here is a regiment of foot and some dragoons; two other regiments of foot with more dragoons are ordered hither; and when they are joined, if the rebels continue where they are, His Majesty's forces will march to attack them."

The following account is extracted from a private letter from Captain HOLLAND, commander of His Majesty's ship *The Assistance*, and is dated near Lough Carran, May 25, 1719.

"The Rebels are in such confusion that Colonel Clayton, who is on the point of marching from Inverness to attack them, will hardly find any of them in a body, but be put to the trouble of hunting them in the mountains. Seafort's Highlanders are divided away to 150, and the Spaniards, with Tullibardine, make not above 250, who, as I am informed, are resolved to throw down their arms upon the first appearance of any regular troops, so that I look upon the rebellion in these parts to be at an end. *The Worcester* is gone to Sternova, to search after some arms and ammunition of the enemy; *The Enterprise* is posted in the narrow near Kintail, to hinder the rebels getting over to Sky, and I and *The Dartmouth* are here, near the mouth of the Lough Carran, to the same purpose. We have destroyed a great many boats, and I think it is impossible for them to get away."

Major General WIGHTMAN wrote as follows to the Duke of ROXBURGH, respecting an action which had just occurred in Scotland between the King's forces and the rebels.

"Glenshell, June 11th. Eight o'clock in the morning.—Yesterday I marched from Strachlony to the head of Glenshell, a considerable pass, which I was told the Enemy had resolved to defend; but upon my approach they deserted that post, and retired to cover their camp, which was at another very strong Pass called Strachell. I gave them no time, but immediately viewed their situation, and having made my disposition, began my attack about five in the afternoon, and a warm dispute was maintained till past eight, when it pleased God to give us an entire victory over them. Their dispositions for defence were extraordinary, with the advantages of rocks, mountains, and entrenchments; but the firm Resolution of the King's troops overcame all difficulties, and we beat them through the rocks and passes quite over the mountains, though we were not above half their number. I marched this morning to Glenshell, where I now am, and where a Spanish officer is come to me with a proposition from the Spaniards to surrender as prisoners at discretion, which I have granted them, and they are to come into our camp at two o'clock this afternoon. This Spanish officer tells me that the late Lords Seafort and Marishall, with other attainted persons, embarked this morning, and as I now hear great firing from our men of war, I hope they have met with them. The officer also tells me that the late Lord Seafort and Lord George Murray are wounded. I have not yet an exact account of our killed and wounded, but judge them not to exceed 150, officers included. By my next I shall send an exact list of our loss. How much the rebels have suffered is not yet perfectly known. Captain Downes, of Colonel Montagu's Regiment, was killed in the attack."

In Ireland the party of the Pretender had numerous adherents, and in the mountain districts more especially, as in Scotland, they existed in considerable numbers, and were wont to make excursions thence and occasionally



to commit depredations and outrages on those who came in their way. One of the Journals of 1718 relates as follows:—

"*Dublin, May 8.*—We hear from the north that the mountains are so infested with Rapparees, that there is no passing to those parts without a guard."

Another journal of a later date gives a singular account of the infliction of punishment on an Hibernian malcontent:

"*Dublin, July 7.*—Last Saturday, a person was whipt through part of the town for drinking the Pretender's health; he brib'd the fellow that whipt him to besmear the lashes of his scourge with blood or red paint, so that every stroke he gave seem'd to scarify the skin; but our Lord Mayor, being informed of it, ordered him to be brought back again, his back clean'd from the fictitious scars, and his shoulders to be laced with a scourge of knotted whip-cord.

"The same night a Frenchman's house without St. James's Gate was assaulted by the mob, for having in it a person who informed the Government of a parcel of Jesuits lately come here from France, but a party of soldiers came very seasonably to the deliverance of the house and family."

In another of the public journals is the following account of an adventure in Ireland:

"*Dublin, August 16.*—We have just now an account that some officers belonging to the barracks, drinking at an inn on the Newry mountains, were surprised by a gang of Rapparees, and obliged by force to drink the Pretender's and other treasonable healths."

In a London journal of May 2nd, 1719, is the following:

"*Dublin, April 18.*—Pursuant to a late proclamation published, all priests, and serviceable horses and arms belonging to papists or disaffected persons are everywhere seized; but most of the priests in the country abscond; however, nine of them are committed to Newgate. On Thursday last, orders were issued to the militia of the city, horse and foot, upon the first firing of a great gun, sound of trumpet, or beat of drum, to rendezvous on Oxmantown Green."

The same journal contains an account of the punishment of a person convicted of perjury in one of the Courts at Dublin:

"This day the late Colonel Luttrell's nephew (pursuant to a trial and sentence pronounced at the King's Bench Bar for forswearing himself at the trial of Caddell and Wilson for the murder of the said Colonel), was put in the pillory, had both his ears nail'd to it, stood so three hours, and then had his ears cut off, and is to remain eight months in prison."

The following is also from the Irish journals:

"*Dublin, July 11.*—Yesterday the Barons of the Court of Exchequer of Ireland appear'd at the bar of the House of Lords here, on an Impeachment of High Crimes and Misdemeanours, for ordering (pursuant to an order of the House of Lords of Great Britain,) possession of an estate twelve miles from this city, in opposition to a decree of the House of Lords here, and a vote of their Lordships, declaring all who should appeal from any decree of the House of Lords in Ireland enemies to their country; and this affair is now before a committee."

Some strong resolutions were afterwards passed by their Lordships in condemnation of the conduct of the learned Barons. The following matter also about the same period engaged the attention of the Hibernian legislature:

"*August 11.* A petition of Charles Byrn, and other carriers of chairs in and about Dublin, praying that the number of chairs may not be increased, and that no one person may be permitted to keep more than one hackney chair, was presented to the house and read."

(To be continued.)

HISTORY.

Foreign Reminiscences. By HENRY RICHARD LORD HOLLAND. Edited by his Son, HENRY EDWARD LORD HOLLAND. London: Longman and Co. 1851.

THIS is not properly history, but only the materials for history. It contains the recollections by the late Lord HOLLAND of the events and persons of a memorable era, from the first French Revolution to the year 1815, when it may be said to have concluded, embracing personal reminiscences of LOUIS XVI., MARIE ANTOINETTE, the Prince of PEACE, the King of DENMARK, the Emperor ALEXANDER, METTERNICH, and NAPOLEON, to whom nearly half a volume is devoted.

It appears that the late Lord HOLLAND was in the habit of preserving memoranda of his interviews with distinguished persons, a praiseworthy practice, to the adoption of which, by the few who have had at once the opportunity to procure and the patience to preserve them, the world is indebted for its most valuable knowledge of its great men. And Lord HOLLAND was peculiarly qualified for such an undertaking by a happy faculty for noting whatever was most noteworthy, so that he does not burden his reminiscences with mere gossip and twaddle, but seizes upon the most characteristic passages and expressions, and in his sketches of persons and characters preserves those more prominent or peculiar traits that distinguish the individual. The editor truly remarks that his father was "acknowledged by all who knew him to have been as candid as he was benevolent." Hence the fairness and kindliness of his judgments of men and things. But he was more than this; he was a thorough English gentleman, having all the manliness that peculiarly belongs to that noble character, combined with a polished ease and quiet grace that are found in the like combination in the gentlemen of no other nation.

And the book reflects the character of the author. It is remarkable for an easy unpretending style that instantly rivets the attention. He has something to say, and he says it without thinking *how* he should say it, with confidence that nothing *outré*, ungraceful, or extravagant, could possibly drop from him.

Undoubtedly many things which, as a chronicler of the talk of the time, he had set down faithfully when he heard them reported by the authorities of the day, have since proved to be mistakes, or, more probably, the inventions of party malignity. Thus he seems to give credence to a portion of the charges of lightness which were so lavishly preferred against the unfortunate Queen of FRANCE; but it must be remembered that this was the general belief of the period when the notes were set down, and his son has prudently preferred to give them to the world unaltered, assured that they will be read with the understanding that they are to be subject to the corrections of subsequent experience.

They commence in 1791, when the French Revolution was in progress, soon after the death of MIRABEAU. He has preserved this somewhat unprepossessing portrait of

MARIE ANTOINETTE.

As I was not presented at Court, I never saw the Queen but at the play-house. She was then in affliction, and her countenance was, no doubt, disfigured by long suffering and resentment. I should not, however, suppose that the habitual expression of it, even in happier seasons, had ever been very agreeable. Her beauty, however extolled, consisted, I suspect, exclusively in a fair skin, a straight person, and a stately air, which her admirers termed dignity, and her enemies pride and disdain. Her total want of judgment and temper no doubt contributed to the disasters of the Royal Family, but there was no member of it to whom the public was uniformly so harsh and unjust, and her trial and death were among the most revolting parts of the whole catastrophe. She was indeed insensible when led to the scaffold; but the previous persecution which she underwent was base, unmanly, cruel, and ungenerous to the last degree.

These are his

RECOLLECTIONS OF MIRABEAU.

I arrived at Paris not long after the death of Mirabeau, and soon after the acceptance of the Constitution by Lewis XVI. The designs of Mirabeau to coalesce with the Court party, or at least to check the revolutionary spirit, were more than suspected before his death. He was in a constant state of intrigue with all parties, and particularly with Monsieur (Comte de Provence, and afterwards Lewis XVIII.) in the business of Favras. The Duke of Levi was the channel of communication between him and Monsieur in that mysterious and disgraceful affair. Yet the solicitude of the people during his illness was unabated, and stories almost incredible of the attention of the populace, in preventing the slightest disturbance in the street where he was lying ill, were related in all societies with that delight and admiration which dramatic displays of sentiment never fail to excite in Paris. The shops and quays were

crowded with his portraits and busts. A stranger could discern in his physiognomy nothing but visible marks of debauch, vanity, presumption, and artifice, which were strong ingredients in his composition; but the Parisians, yet, stunned by his eloquence, and dazzled by his splendid talents, seemed to dwell on the representation of his large features, pock-fretted face, and frizzed hair, with fond complacency mingled with regret. He was certainly an extraordinary man. That his powers would have been equal, as has often been suggested, either to check or to guide the subsequent course of the French Revolution, may nevertheless be very questionable. He was thought to be, and probably was, very corrupt; but an exemption from that vice was the solitary virtue which gave individuals, and Robespierre in particular, any ascendancy in the latter and more stormy seasons of that frightful period. Mirabeau had the talent, or at least the trick and contrivance, of appropriating the ideas and labours of other men to his purposes in a very extraordinary degree. I have been assured by one (Dumont) who knew him intimately, and acted for a short time as his secretary, that not only the reports he made, but the speeches he delivered, were often written by others, and read by him in the morning, or even run through and adopted by him (as I have seen briefs by our lawyers) while he was actually speaking. The various imprisonments and embarrassments to which his disorderly life and licentious pen had exposed him are well known. The prosecution against him in England was the malevolent contrivance of a crazy and faithless rervant, who falsely accused his master of having robbed him. There was nothing remarkable in that incident, but the public and warm testimony of Sir Gilbert Elliot and Mr. Burke himself in favour of a man whose influence on the French Revolution was afterwards so conspicuous, and whose lax principles and immoral life furnished so fertile a theme for invectives against it. The vanity of Mirabeau exposed him, it is said, to a droll reproof. At some important political crisis, he was descanting in society on the qualities requisite in a minister to extricate the crown, the assembly, and the nation from the difficulties in which they were involved, viz., great knowledge, great genius, acquaintance and perhaps connection with the upper ranks, some common feelings with the lower classes, a power of speaking and of writing eloquently and readily, familiarity with the world, the popularity of a martyr from recent prosecution, and many others, which it was obvious enough that he thought were united in himself. "All this is true," said a friend, "but you have omitted one of his qualities."—"No—surely? what do you mean?"—"Should he not," replied the same sarcastic friend, "be very much pitted with the small-pox?"

He has preserved some of

TALLEYRAND'S BON-MOTS.

Il faut avoir aimé Mme de Staël pour connoître tout le bonheur d'aimer une bête," was a saying of his much quoted at Paris at that time, in explanation of his passion for Mme Grand, who certainly did not win him or any one else by the fascination of her wit or conversation. For thirty or forty years, the bon-mots of M. de Talleyrand were more frequently repeated and more generally admired than those of any living man. The reason was obvious. Few men uttered so many, and yet fewer any equally good. By a happy combination of neatness in language and ease and sauvage of manner, with archness and sagacity of thought, his sarcasms assumed a garb at once so courtly and so careless, that they often diverted almost as much as they could mortify even their immediate objects. His humorous reproof to a gentleman vaunting with self-complacency the extreme beauty of his mother, and apparently implying that it might account for advantages in person in her descendants, is well known: "C'était donc," said he, "Monsieur votre père qui n'était pas si bien." The following is more recent, but the humour of it hardly less arch or less refined. The celebrity of M. de Chateaubriand, the vainest of mortals, was on the wane. About the same time, it happened to be casually mentioned in conversation that Chateaubriand was affected with deafness, and complained bitterly of that infirmity. "Je comprends," said Talleyrand; "depuis qu'on a cessé de parler de lui, il se croit sourd."

Lord HOLLAND visited Prussia and Denmark in 1792, and mademany interesting notes of his tour. Among them is a very curious account of

THE KING OF DENMARK.

The Crown Prince (afterwards Frederick VI.), nephew of our King, was the ostensible head of the government. The incapacity of his father was acknowledged, and though he continued to sign the edicts and public instruments, he was not permitted to take any part in the deliberation upon them, nor were any of his acts deemed valid, unless countersigned by his son, whom the council had in truth invested with all the functions of royal authority. In fact the royal signature was

preserved as a medical rather than political expedient. The object was to humour and soothe the feelings of the deposed monarch, not to give any validity to acts which without reference to such formality were recognised by the courts of justice, and obeyed by the people. When first set aside, he had bitterly wept at being no longer a king, and adduced as a proof of the misfortune which had befallen him, that he had no longer any papers to sign. To satisfy him, they were afterwards offered him for signature, and he never declined annexing his name to all that were presented to him, from a fear of losing that, his sole remaining, but, in his view, distinctive prerogative of royalty. It happened once or twice, from some motive of convenience or accident, that the Crown Prince put his name to an instrument, before it was sent to his royal father for his signature; the jealous old monarch perceived it, and when the next paper was brought, he, to the surprise and consternation of the courtiers, signed "Christian and Conia," maliciously observing, that he was once sole proprietor of his firm, but he found it was now a partnership, and would spare his associates the trouble of adding their names. His insanity was throughout of a playful rather than of a malignant nature. When it was the policy of the Queen Dowager, his step mother, to maintain him in the exercise of his functions, she used to exhibit him at card parties in public. It is usual in the north of Europe to score with chalk, but His Majesty on such occasions diverted himself with employing it in a less decorous manner. He would draw the most obscene figures on the green baize, and wink to the bystanders whenever the Queen Dowager, with an averted face and affected carelessness, rubbed out the obnoxious representations with her cards, her hands, her handkerchief, a napkin, or anything which she could with some appearance of absence pass over them for that purpose. He continued for many years to dine occasionally in public. Though the foreign ministers were cautioned neither to provoke nor to remark any of his peculiarities, he not unfrequently succeeded in disconcerting them. He would, for instance, ask them to drink wine, and then throw the contents of his glass in the face of the page behind him, and when by this, and the addition of sundry grimaces, gesticulations, and antics he had provoked a smile, he would suddenly assume a grave and solemn countenance, and addressing the minister opposite say, "Monsieur l'envoyé parait fort gai? y a-t-il quelque chose qui l'amuse?—je le prie de m'en faire part." Such was the innocent nature of the Royal insanity. It is a satire or a commendation on the institution of Monarchy to remark that under this absolute Prince, whose childishness amounted to imbecility and lunacy, the commerce, agriculture, and prosperity of the kingdom continued to improve, the people were relieved from the ancient feudal burthens which oppressed them, tranquillity was preserved, justice purely and impartially administered, and even the foreign policy conducted, throughout a period of unexampled peril and confusion in Europe, in a manner which, when the insignificant resources of Denmark are considered, must be acknowledged to be creditable and even glorious.

From Prussia we have stories no less strange of

THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.

It is said that George III. objected to any union with that branch of the house of Brandenburg, with an observation drawn from the scandalous chronicle of Berlin, viz. that none of his children should ally themselves "with the children of Schmettau." Frederick, when there was not much prospect of an heir in the other branches, had placed a distinguished officer of engineers of that name in the family of his brother Ferdinand, in the hope and expectation, and perhaps with the express injunction, that he would supply all deficiencies in the household. The Princess, though lofty and decorous in her demeanour, was not long insensible to the personal and mental charms of her chamberlain; and Schmettau annually announced the birth of a prince, and received some handsome presents for the good news, till, on the third visit, according to Mirabeau, the King, after giving him a gold-headed cane, called him back, and said, "Schmettau, trois! c'est assez." Such anecdotes, very currently related, raised a smile everywhere else, but serious scruples in the mind of George III.: had he, however, been as consistent in them as in most others, he would have objected to another alliance of his family with the house of Brandenburg. The exiled and divorced Queen of Prussia is much belied, if, on the marriage of her daughter with the Duke of York, she did not observe to the chamberlain who announced it, that it was a good match enough for the daughter of Müller the musician.

In 1793 he went to Spain, and employed himself in diligent study of the language and literature of the country, returning thither in 1802, and again in 1808. His picture of that

court and its corruptions is extremely curious. The Queen's intrigues were not limited to the Prince of Peace. The following scandalous tale was current on the subject:—

GODOY'S REVENGE.

A story was current at Madrid, which, if true, would at once prove that the Prince of the Peace was aware of her infidelities to him, and disposed to revenge himself in a way no woman could easily submit to or forgive. The King, the Queen, and the Prince of the Peace, said this tale, were at a window in the palace of Aranjuez, when Mallo drove by in his curriole. Charles IV. expressed some surprise at a young officer of low rank and narrow fortune possessing so brilliant an equipage; on which the Prince assured his Majesty that it was easily, though somewhat ludicrously, to be accounted for. "An old, rich, and toothless woman (for he knew the Queen had a set of teeth from Paris) had fallen madly in love with that Mallo, and she furnished him with many equipages, horses, and every luxury in which he had a mind to indulge." Charles laughed immoderately at the story, and whenever the name of the gallant occurred, was eager to circulate the amusing piece of scandal, which diverted him exceedingly, but, he little knew or suspected, concerned him and his so nearly. The anecdote is, perhaps, too dramatic to deserve implicit credit. It was believed by many well-informed persons, and I repeat it as I received it.

But what a man to be a minister; and what must have been the state of a country in which such a minister could have been endured, or have dared to seek office. This was

GODOY'S IGNORANCE.

He was afterwards removed to Bayonne. Murat to protect him from insult, conveyed him part of the way in his own carriage, and was shocked, as he told me, at the fear he betrayed, hiding his head, and creeping to the bottom of the carriage, whenever they met on the road any body of Spanish soldiers or peasantry. I can believe the story. In truth, the irresolution, vanity, and above all, the ignorance of Don Manuel Godoy, would have incapacitated him for Prime Minister in most countries, and he must have possessed some good and counteracting qualities both of head and heart to have retained power so long even in Spain. His ignorance was such, that the Charge d'Affaires of the Hanseatic Towns, told me that the States he represented were often designated in the superscription or the body of the notes, which he received from the Duke of Alcudia's office, *Islas Asiaticas*, instead of *Villas Hanseaticas*; and the same person assured me that Godoy was some time Minister of Foreign Affairs before he discovered Prussia and Russia to be two distinct countries: Mr. Sandoz, the Minister from Berlin, being at that time, and during the absence of a Russian envoy, the agent for the Court of St. Petersburg at Madrid.

But another minister, who owed his place to the personal favour of the Queen, was scarcely better.

URQUIJO.

The administration of Urquijo, with whom I was never personally acquainted, lasted longer than according to the strange stories reported of him could have appeared probable to any reasonable man. He was ignorant, rash, and presumptuous in the extreme. Averse to every institution of the country, and every opinion of the people he was called upon to govern, he determined, nevertheless, to slight the individuals as well as to overlook the precautions most necessary to the execution of his arduous undertakings. So fanatically hostile was he to the Church of Rome, that when, being chargé d'affaires in London, he first heard that General Bonaparte, by the peace of Tolentino, and at the intervention of the Spanish ambassador, Azara, had spared the Papal government, he ran like a maniac from his house for more than a mile on the Uxbridge-road, and threw himself in despair into a pond. Mr. Carlisle, the surgeon, who told me the story, happened to pass by when he was dragged out in a state of insensibility, and superintended his recovery by the means recommended by the Humane Society. When our Secretary of State called on him, he made a point of receiving him with Paine's "Age of Reason," magnificently bound, on the table; and Lord Grenville has more than once accounted to me for the low opinion he entertains of Spanish politicians, by the circumstance of Urquijo, the wildest and most incapable man he ever transacted business with, being elevated to the station of First Minister.

Lord HOLLAND's sketch of the Duke of ORLEANS differs much from any other we remember; and, certainly, there is more probability about it. It is more natural.

THE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

Talleyrand, who knew him well, and who in a joint work with Beaumetz which was never published, shortly afterwards delineated his character, described him to me as indifferent alike to the pursuits of pleasure or vanity, ambition or revenge, and solely intent on enjoying ease and preserving existence. He was so jaded (*si blasé, un homme si déabusé*), that he had outlived even the necessity of emotion (*le besoin de s'émeouvoir*). There is, indeed, reason to suspect that the persons instrumental in creating and preserving his personal influence in Paris, were active agents in the municipal cabals and revolutions which preceded and accompanied the 10th of August and the 2nd of September, 1792; and true it is, that the only party which showed the least disposition to identify itself with his interests, or to concert with him, consisted of a portion of those to whose language and manœuvres the horrors even of that last day are mainly attributed by well-informed authors. Some of them, and Danton in particular, were not unwilling, in concert with the Duke of Orleans, to save the life of the King, and by a junction with the Brissotins and moderate republicans, to put a stop to the excesses of the populace, provided they could obtain an oblivion and impunity for all that had hitherto passed. But republicans and philosophers were as unreasonably hostile and nearly as blindly imprudent wherever the Duke of Orleans was concerned, as the Royalists themselves. Scruples honourable, no doubt, but highly unseasonable, and not altogether consistent with their own conduct before and during the 10th of August, made the friends of Roland, Brissot, and Guadet, revolt at anything like coalition with men covered with the blood of their fellow-citizens, though such a junction was the obvious, and perhaps the solitary, method of preventing the effusion of more. Danton and his followers, who had so largely participated in the crimes of the Terrorists, were compelled to proceed with their associates, when they despaired of obtaining impunity from the triumph of the more moderate and numerous but less popular party in the Convention. The Duke of Orleans could not have saved the King by voting against his death; and he, more certainly than any one man in the Assembly, would have accelerated his own by so doing. On the other hand, he was also the one man in that assembly, on whom, had any counter-revolution occurred, the Royal vengeance would most unquestionably have fallen without mercy. Such considerations would not weigh with a Cato, but they were calculated to shake the constancy of ordinary men. The Duke of Orleans had, therefore, at least as much excuse for the vote he gave as the 360 who voted with him; and those who hold regicide to be the greatest of possible crimes, have nevertheless no right to select him as the greatest criminal. He was well aware of the peculiarity of his own situation. Of that I have seen some curious proofs in a short narrative written by Mrs. Elliott, who Lad. I believe, lived with him, and who, on the score of old acquaintance, prevailed on him to save through his garden at Monceaux, and at no small peril to himself, the younger Chancery, who was implicated in the affair of the 10th of August, and who, as was justly observed by the Duke in his hearing, so far from incurring any risk to serve him, would have been among the first to urge his execution. He was, to my knowledge, among the last to relieve the subsequent distresses of his generous benefactress, Mrs. Elliot, or to mitigate the censures with which it was the fashion in most companies throughout Europe to visit the name of the Duke of Orleans. That Prince perished soon afterwards on the scaffold, and disproved one of the imputations cast upon him by the composure with which he met his fate.

As we have already observed, a considerable portion of this volume is devoted to NAPOLEON. According to Lord HOLLAND, these were

NAPOLEON'S VIEWS OF RELIGION.

Whatever were the religious sentiments of this extraordinary man, such companions were likely neither to fix nor to shake, to sway nor to alter them. I have been at some pains to ascertain the little that can be known of his thoughts on such subjects; and, though it is not very satisfactory, it appears to me worth recording.

In the early periods of the Revolution, he, in common with many of his countrymen, conformed to the fashion of treating all such matters, both in conversation and action, with levity and even derision. In his subsequent career, like most men exposed to wonderful vicissitudes, he professed, half in jest and half in earnest, a sort of confidence in fatalism and predestination. But on some solemn public occasions, and yet more in private and sober discussion, he not only gravely disclaimed and re-proved infidelity, but both by actions and words implied his conviction that a conversion to religious enthusiasm might befall himself or any other man. He had more than tolerance—he had indulgence and respect for extravagant and ascetic notions of religious duty. He

grounded that feeling not on their soundness or their truth, but on the uncertainty of what our minds may be reserved for, on the possibility of our being prevailed upon to admit and even to devote ourselves to tenets which at first excite our derision. It has been observed that there was a tincture of Italian superstition in his character; a sort of conviction from reason that the doctrines of revelation were not true, and yet a persuasion, or at least an apprehension, that he might live to think them so. He was satisfied that the seeds of belief were deeply sown in the human heart. It was on that principle that he permitted and justified, though he did not dare to authorize, the revival of La Trappe and other austere orders. He contended that they might operate as a safety-valve for the fanatical and visionary ferment which would otherwise burst forth and disturb society. In his remarks on the death of Duroc, and in the reasons he alleged against suicide, both in calm and speculative discussion and in the moments of strong emotion (such as occurred at Fontainebleau in 1814), he implied a belief both in fatality and Providence.

In the programme of his coronation, a part of the ceremony was to consist in his taking the communion. But when the plan was submitted to him, he, to the surprise of those who had drawn it, was absolutely indignant at the suggestion. "No man," he said, "had the means of knowing, or had the right to say, when or where he would take the sacrament, or whether he would or not." On this occasion, he added, that he would not; nor did he.

There is some mystery about his conduct in similar respects at St. Helena, and during the last days of his life. He certainly had mass celebrated in his chapel while he was well, and in his bedroom when ill. But though I have reason to believe that the last sacraments were actually administered to him privately a few days before his death, and probably after confession, yet Count Montholon, from whom I derive indirectly my information, also stated that he received Napoleon's earnest and distinct directions to conceal all the preliminary preparations for that melancholy ceremony from all his other companions, and even to enjoin the priest, if questioned, to say he acted by Count Montholon's orders, but had no knowledge of the Emperor's wishes.

It seems as if he had some desire for such assurance as the Church could give, but yet was ashamed to own it. He knew that some at St. Helena, and more in France, would deem his recourse to such consolation infirmity; perhaps he deemed it so himself. Religion may sing her triumph, philosophy exclaim "pauvre humanité," more impartial scepticism despair of discovering the motive, but truth and history must, I believe, acknowledge the fact.

And this is the summary of his intellectual powers, comprising the opinion formed of him by that acute observer TALLEYRAND. It is too valuable a contribution to our knowledge of the Emperor to be omitted here.

NAPOLEON'S INTELLECT.

"Il produisait beaucoup," said M. de Talleyrand to me. "C'est incalculable ce qu'il produisait, plus qu'aucun quatre hommes que j'ai jamais connus. Son génie était inconcevable. Rien n'égalait son énergie, son imagination, son esprit, sa capacité de travail, sa facilité de produire. Il avait de la sagacité aussi. Du côté du jugement il n'était pas si fort; mais encore quand il voulait se donner le temps il savait profiter du jugement des autres. Ce n'était que rarement que son mauvais jugement l'emportait, et c'était toujours lorsqu'il ne s'était pas donné le temps de consulter celui d'autres personnes." Among his projects were many connected with the arts and with literature. They were all, perhaps, subservient to political purposes, generally gigantic, abruptly prepared, and in all likelihood as suddenly conceived. Many were topics of conversation and subjects for speculation, not serious, practical, or digested designs. Though not insensible to the arts or to literature, he was suspected latterly of considering them rather as political engines or embellishments than as sources of enjoyment. M. de Talleyrand, and several artists, concurred in saying that "il avait le sentiment du Grand, mais non pas celui du Beau." He had written "bon sujet d'un tableau" opposite to some passage in Letourneur's translation of *Ossian*; and he had certainly a passion for that poem. His censure on David, for choosing the battle at the straits of Thermopylæ as a subject for a picture, was that of a general rather than connoisseur: it smelt, if I may say so, of his shop; though perhaps the real motive for it was dislike to the republican artist, and distaste to an act of national resistance against a great military invader. "A bad subject," said he: "after all, Leonidas was turned." He had the littleness to expect to be prominent in every picture of national victories of his time, and was displeased at a painting of an action

in Egypt for Madame Murat, in which her wounded husband was the principal figure. Power made him impatient of contradiction, even in trifles; and latterly he did not like his taste in music, for which he had no turn to be disputed. His proficiency in literature has been variously stated. He had read much, but had written little. In the mechanical part he was certainly no adept; his handwriting was nearly illegible. Some would fain persuade me that that fault was intentional, and merely an artifice to conceal his bad spelling; that he could form his letters well if he choosed, but was unwilling to let his readers know too exactly the use he made of them. His orthography was certainly not correct; that of few Frenchmen, not professed authors, was so thirty years ago; but his brothers Lucien and Lewis, both literary men, and both correct in their orthography, write a similar hand, and nearly as bad a one as he did, probably for the same reason, viz., that they cannot write a better without great pains and loss of time.

Napoleon, when Consul and Emperor, seldom wrote, but he dictated much. It was difficult to follow him, and he often objected to any revision of what he had dictated. When a word had escaped his amanuensis, and he was asked what it was, he would answer, somewhat pettishly, "Je ne répéterai pas le mot. Réfléchissez, rappelez-vous du mot que j'ai dicté, et écrivez-le, car pour moi je ne le répéterai pas." Talleyrand, interested possibly in discrediting any posthumous writings, was very earnest, soon after the news of his death arrived, in inculcating on me and others the persuasion that Napoleon never did and never could dictate. "Il disait, il ne dictait pas; on ne pouvait écrire sous sa dictée. Il ne savait ni dicter ni écrire." But, excepting Talleyrand and Charles IV. of Spain, I never heard any one express a doubt of his powers of composition, or his habits of dictating.

Our space being exhausted, although the book before us is far from being so, we reluctantly conclude a notice which has, perhaps, already trespassed somewhat too much upon our crowded pages.

Monk and Washington: Historical Studies. By M. GUIZOT. London: Routledge & Co. 1851.

MR. ROUTLEDGE has been singularly prompt in producing an excellent translation of GUIZOT's new work, and he has included it in his *Popular Library*, so that it will probably be in the hands of most of our readers. It was written, or at least published, by the ex-Prime Minister, with a view to show an imaginary parallel between the position of England in Monk's time, and that of France now, and it is supposed that the desired MONK is General CHANGARNIER. But in this GUIZOT's usual acuteness has failed him. Every person conversant with English History will say that there is not the remotest similarity between the two cases. Hence, probably, the very little sensation which the work has made in France. Nevertheless, it is curious and amusing, and throws some new light upon a period of our history which has not yet been made very intelligible by any of our own historians; MACAULAY alone having penetrated the mists that previously shrouded it, but even his constructive mind failing to make the story clear. As a contribution to the history of our country, this volume is entitled to a nook upon the bookshelf, and its very trifling price enables every person who possesses a library to place it there.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A. In six vols. Vol. VI. London: Longman and Co.

(Continued from p. 588.)

As the scene draws to a close, we linger over the pages, loath to leave so much that is interesting and instructive. We proceed with our gleanings.

At this time, when University Reform has become a practical question, some value will be set upon the opinion of the foremost authority among the Conservative writers. Hear

SOUTHEY ON UNIVERSITY EDUCATION.

Oxford or Cambridge are good places of residence for men who having stored their minds well, want well-stored libraries which may enable them to pursue their researches and bring forth the fruits of them. But the plant which roots itself there will never attain any vigorous growth. The mind must be a very strong and a very active one, which does not stand still while it is engaged in *tutoring*, and both Universities now are little more than manufactories in which men are brought

up to a certain point in a certain branch of knowledge; and when they have reached that point, they are kept there.

SOUTHEY was a patron of Uneducated Poets, as they are termed—a weakness by which he has done infinite mischief, for he has tempted hundreds of wretched verse-makers to quit their honest callings and set up for poets—upon charity. It will be but fair, however, to hear his defence.

SOUTHEY ON REVIEWING.

After having reviewed in the Quarterly Review Grahame's *Georgics*, Montgomery's *Poems*, and his *World before the Flood*, and Landor's *Count Julian*, I found it necessary to resolve that I would not review the work of any living poet. Applications to me from strangers, and from others in all degrees of acquaintanceship, were so frequent, that it became expedient to be provided with a general reason for refusing, which could offend no one; there was no other means of avoiding offence. Many would otherwise have resented the refusal, and more would have been more deeply displeased if they had not been extolled according to their own estimate of their own merits. From this resolution I did not consider myself as departing when I drew up the account of Mary Colling; her story and her character interested me greatly, and would, I thought, interest most readers. I wished to render her some service, and have the satisfaction of knowing that this has been in some measure effected. It was a case wherein a little praise, through that channel, might be the means of producing some permanent benefit to one who has gentle blood in her veins, and whose sweet countenance, if you look at her portrait, will say more in her favour than any words of mine could do.

I have no wish to encourage the growth of humble authors, still less of adventurers in literature, God knows. But I earnestly wish, especially in an age when all persons can read, to encourage in all who have any love of reading that sort of disposition which would lead them to take pleasure in your poems, and in mine, and in any which are addressed, as ours always have been, to the better feelings of our nature. The tendency of our social system has long been to brutalise the lower classes, and this it is that renders the prospect before us so fearful. I wish to see their moral and intellectual condition as much as possible improved; it seems to me that great improvement is possible, and that in bettering their condition the general good is promoted.

SOUTHEY's humorous letters are very pleasant. He had a great partiality for cats, which propensity was partaken by his friend Mr. BEDFORD, to whom he thus writes:

SOUTHEY'S CAT.

Alas, Grosvenor, this day poor old Rumpel was found dead, after as long and happy a life as cat could wish for, if cats form wishes on that subject.

His full titles were:—

The Most Noble the Archduke Rumpel-tiltchen, Marquis Macbum, Earl Tomlemagne, Baron Raticide, Waowhler, and Skaratch.

There should be a court mourning in Catland, and if the Dragon [a cat of Mr. Bedford's] wear a black ribbon round his neck, or a band of erape à la militaire round one of the fore paws, it will be but a becoming mark of respect.

As we have no catacombs here, he is to be decently interred in the orchard, and cat-mint planted on his grave. Poor creature, it is well that he has thus come to his end after he had become an object of pity. I believe we are each and all, servants included, more sorry for his loss, or rather more affected by it, than any one of us would like to confess.

I should not have written to you at present, had it not been to notify this event.

In a letter to ALLAN CUNNINGHAM, acknowledging the receipt of a copy of his *Lives of the Painters*, he transmits the following

RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

Sir George Beaumont's marriage was in 1774, the year of my birth; he spent that summer here, and Faringdon was with him part of the time, taking up their quarters in the little inn by Lowdore. Hearne, also, was with him here, either that year or soon afterwards, and made for him a sketch of the whole circle of this vale, from a field called Crow Park. Sir George intended to build a circular banqueting-room, and have this painted round the walls. If the execution had not always been procrastinated, here would have been the first panorama. I have seen the sketch, now preserved on a roll more than twenty feet in length.

Sir George's death was not from any decay. His mother lived some years beyond ninety, and his health

had greatly improved during the latter years of his life. He was never better than when last in this country, a very few months before his death. The seizure was sudden: after breakfast, as he was at work upon a picture, he fainted; erysipelas presently showed itself upon the head, and soon proved fatal.

I know that he painted with much more ardour in his old age than at other times of his life, and I believe that his last pictures were his best. In one point I thought him too much of an artist: none of his pictures represented the scene from which he took them; he took the features, and disposed them in the way which pleased him best. Whenever you enter these doors of mine, you shall see a little piece of his (the only one I have), which perfectly illustrates this: the subject is this very house, and scarcely any object in the picture resembles the reality. His wish was, to give the character—the spirit of the scene. But whoever may look upon this picture hereafter, with any thought of me, will wish it had been a faithful portrait of the place.

He was one of the happiest men I ever knew, for he enjoyed all the advantages of his station, and entered into none of the follies to which men are so easily tempted by wealth and the want of occupation. His disposition kept him equally from all unworthy and all vexatious pursuits; he had as little liking for country sports as for public business of any kind, but had a thorough love for art and nature. And if one real affliction or one anxiety ever crossed his path in any part of his life, I never heard of it. I verily believe that no man ever enjoyed the world more; and few were more humbly, more wisely, more religiously prepared for entering upon another state of existence.

He became acquainted with Coleridge here, before I came into this country; this led to his friendship with Wordsworth, and to his acquaintance with me (for more than acquaintance it can hardly be called.) He has lodged more than once in this house, when it was in an unfinished state: this very room he occupied before the walls were plastered.

Next to painting and natural scenery, he delighted in theatricals more than in anything else. Few men read so well, and I have heard those who knew him intimately, say, that he would have made an excellent actor.

Before we enter upon the last sad scenes of this history, which we shall reserve for another number, we will present, as a closing extract—

THE HISTORY OF "THE DOCTOR."

What the original story of The Doctor and his Horse was I am not able to say accurately. I believe it was an extremely absurd one, and that the horse was the hero of it, being gifted with the power of making himself "generally useful," after he was dead and buried, and had been deprived of his skin. There was to have been a notable horse in The Butler also, but he was of different "metal" to this one (see Vol. II. p. 355), and to skin him would not have been an easy matter—being akin to

That famous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did pass.

The Doctor being once commenced (in 1813), was occasionally taken up as an amusement; and the earlier portions of it are plainly written at a time when his spirits rose higher than they ever did in later years. It then became, as it were, a receptacle for odd knowledge and strange fancies, and a means of embodying a great deal—both of serious and playful matter, for which a fitting place could not easily be found in other works.

It had now lain by for many years, additions having been made to it from time to time; and its existence being known only to few persons, my father determined upon publishing two volumes anonymously, and continuing it if it paid its expenses. Mr. Bedford had long been in the secret, and Mr. H. Taylor had lately been admitted; through them, therefore, all arrangements were made for the publication; and that his well-known handwriting might not betray him, the MS. was all copied before it went to the press.

This book, or at least the greater part of it, having been written before I was born, and not much thought of for some years, it happened at first from accident that I was ignorant of its existence, and it then occurred to my father to preserve this ignorance intact, that it might both afford amusement to himself, and be of use in mystifying others. All the copying, correcting, &c., had, therefore, been carried on without my knowledge—no easy matter, for, with a boy's inquisitiveness, I had been used to take great interest in the progress of everything of the kind.

When, therefore, the first two volumes were published, and arrived, bearing "from the Author," written in a disguised hand, I well remember my father putting them aside with a kind of disdain, with the expression "some novel, I suppose;" although to seize upon them, and cut them open would have been a great delight to him; and the rest of the family, though equally anxious

to see the long-looked-for Doctor on his first appearance as a book, were obliged to wear an indifferent aspect towards it.

It happened fortunately for the furtherance of their plan, that the Rev. James White (brother of Kirke White,) was then a visitor in the house, having come to officiate at the marriage of my eldest sister with the Rev. J. W. Warter; and as he thoroughly appreciated the book, and knew enough of my father to have some faint suspicions now and then of the truth, my ignorance aided considerably to mystify him; and our combined enjoyment of the humorous parts, and the conversation we carried on about it, was a source of infinite amusement to those who were more enlightened. After some weeks had elapsed, my father came down one day, and saying to me that I had often asked him for one of his manuscripts, and that now he had one for me he thought I should value, he put into my hands the MS. of The Doctor. My amazement can be more easily imagined than described.

One more notice will conclude our somewhat elaborate, but, we hope, not wearisome, review of this work.

Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann and Soret. Translated from the German by JOHN OXENFORD. In 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

We continue our selections from this most interesting and valuable work, throwing in, as we proceed, such commentaries as the topics touched upon may suggest.

There is truth as well as beauty in the following on

THE IGNORANCE OF THE LEARNED.

"Still everything has its measure and goal, and as it has been said in my 'Goetz von Berlichingen,' that the son, from pure learning, does not know his own father, so in science do we find people who can neither see nor hear through sheer learning and hypothesis. Such people look at once within; they are so occupied by what is revolving in themselves, that they are like a man in a passion, who passes his dearest friends in the street without seeing them. The observation of nature requires a certain purity of mind, which cannot be disturbed or pre-occupied by anything. The beetle on the flower does not escape the child; he has devoted all his senses to a single, simple interest; and it never strikes him that at the same moment, something remarkable may be going on in the formation of the clouds to distract his glances in that direction."

"Then," returned I, "children and the child-like would be good hod-men in science."

"Would to God!" exclaimed Goethe, "we were all nothing more than good hod-men. It is just because we will be more, and carry about with us a great apparatus of philosophy and hypothesis, that we spoil all."

This was GOETHE'S estimate of

BYRON.

"However," continued he, "although Byron has died so young, literature has not suffered an essential loss, through a hinderance to its further extension. Byron could, in a certain sense, go no further. He had reached the summit of his creative power, and whatever he might have done in the future, he would have been unable to extend the boundaries of his talent. In the incomprehensible poem, 'The Vision of Judgment,' he has done the utmost of which he was capable."

The discourse then turned upon the Italian poet, Torquato Tasso, and his resemblance to Lord Byron, when Goethe could not conceal the superiority of the Englishman, in spirit, grasp of the world, and productive power. "One cannot," continued he, "compare these poets with each other, without annihilating one by the other. Byron is the burning thorn-bush which reduces the holy cedar of Lebanon to ashes. The great epic poem of the Italian has maintained its fame for centuries; but yet, with a single line of 'Don Juan,' one could poison the whole of 'Jerusalem Delivered.'"

Here are some

APHORISMS BY GOETHE.

Men are swimming pots, which knock against each other.

We must not take the faults of our youth into our old age; for old age brings with it its own defects.

Court-life is like music, in which every one must keep time.

It is not right to counsel a prince to give way, even in the most trivial matter.

He who would train actors must have infinite patience.

GOETHE'S high opinion of Englishmen, as expressed in an extract in our last, extended to English literature, which he appears to esteem as the parent of the literature of Germany.

GOETHE ON ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"The great point," he continued, "is to make a capital that will not be exhausted. This you will acquire by the study of the English language and literature, which you have already begun. Keep to that, and continually make use of the advantages you now possess in the acquaintance of the young Englishmen. You studied the ancient languages but little during your youth; therefore, seek now a stronghold in the literature of so able a nation as the English. And, besides, our own literature is chiefly the offspring of theirs! Whence have we our novels, our tragedies, but from Goldsmith, Fielding, and Shakspeare? And in our day, where will you find in Germany three literary heroes, who can be placed on a level with Lord Byron, Moore, and Walter Scott? Once more, ground yourself in English, concentrate your powers for something good, and give up everything which can produce no result of consequence to you, and is not suited to you."

We do not remember to have seen in any treatise on poetry, or suggested by any of our critics, the importance of *motives* to the construction of a poem, meaning by this term the sufficiency of causes to account for actions or situations. He says:

"Here you see the great importance of *motives*, which no one will understand. Our women have no notion of it. 'That poem is beautiful,' they say, and by this they mean nothing but the feelings, the words, the verses. No one dreams that the true power of a poem consists in the situation,—in the *motives*. And for this very reason, thousands of poems are written, where the *motives* is nothing at all, and which merely through feeling and sounding verse reflect a sort of existence. Dilettanti, and especially women, have very weak ideas of poetry. They usually think, if they could but get quit of the technical part, they would have the essential, and would be quite accomplished; but they are much mistaken."

This is illustrated in a subsequent conversation on

SCHILLER.

Reimer spoke of Schiller's personal appearance. "The build of his limbs, his gait in the street, all his motions," said he, "were proud; his eyes only were soft."

"Yes," said Goethe, "everything else about him was proud and majestic, only the eyes were soft. And his talent was like his outward form. He seized boldly on a great subject, and turned it this way and that, and handled it this way and that. But he saw his object, as it were only in the inside; a quiet development from its interior was not within his province. His talent was more desultory. Thus he was never decided—could never have done. He often changed a part just before a rehearsal."

"And, as he went so boldly to work, he did not take sufficient pains about *motives*. I recollect what trouble I had with him, when he wanted to make Gessler, in 'Tell,' abruptly break an apple from the tree, and have it shot from the boy's head. This was quite against my nature, and I urged him to give at least some motive to this barbarity, by making the boy boast to Gessler of his father's dexterity, and say that he could shoot an apple from a tree at a hundred paces. Schiller, at first, would have nothing of the sort; but at last he yielded to my arguments and intentions, and did as I advised him. I, on the other hand, by too great attention to *motives*, kept my pieces from the theatre. My 'Eugenie' is nothing but a chain of *motives*, and this cannot succeed on the stage."

A strange suggestion is the following, which, nevertheless, appears to have been approved by ECKERMANN. But "to express more concisely" would, without destroying the original, demand as great a genius as the author.

HOW TO ADAPT FOR THE STAGE.

"If I were still superintendent of the theatre," said Goethe, this evening, "I would bring out Byron's 'Doge of Venice.' The piece is indeed long, and would require shortening. Nothing, however, should be cut out, but the import of each scene should be taken and expressed more concisely. The piece would thus be brought closer together, without being damaged by alterations, and it would gain a powerful effect, without any essential loss of beauty."

This opinion of Goethe's gave me a new view as to how we might proceed on the stage, in a hundred similar cases, and I was highly pleased with such a maxim, which, however, presupposes a fine intellect,—nay, a poet, who understands his vocation.

How exquisite a critic he was will be seen by the following wonderfully minute analysis of a character the portraiture of which has often been attempted, but always in vain—the reader feeling that the philosopher had failed to unravel the complicated web of that strangely compounded genius.

THE CHARACTER OF LORD BYRON.

Goethe continued to talk of Lord Byron. "With that disposition," said he, "which always leads him into the illimitable, the restraint which he imposed upon himself by the observance of the three unities becomes him very well. If he had but known how to endure moral restraint also! That he could not was his ruin; and it may be aptly said that he was destroyed by his own unbridled temperament.

"But he was too much in the dark about himself. He lived impetuously for the day, and neither knew nor thought what he was doing. Permitting everything to himself, and excusing nothing in others, he necessarily put himself in a bad position, and made the world his foe? At the very beginning, he offended the most distinguished literary men by his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.' To be permitted only to live after this, he was obliged to go back a step. In his succeeding works, he continued in the path of opposition and fault-finding. Church and State were not left unassailed. This reckless conduct drove him from England, and would in time have driven him from Europe also. Everywhere it was too narrow for him, and with the most perfect personal freedom he felt himself confined; the world seemed to him a prison. His Grecian expedition was the result of no voluntary resolution; his misunderstanding with the world drove him to it.

"The renunciation of what was hereditary and patriotic not only caused the personal destruction of so distinguished a man, but his revolutionary turn, and the constant mental agitation with which it was combined, did not allow his talent a fair development. Moreover, his perpetual negation and fault-finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation; and negation is nothing. If I call *bad* bad, what do I gain? But if I call *good* bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must not trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but only do well himself. For the great point is, not to pull down, but to build up, and in this humanity finds pure joy."

I was delighted with these noble words, and this valuable maxim.

"Lord Byron," continued Goethe, "is to be regarded as a man, as an Englishman, and as a great talent. His good qualities belong chiefly to the man, his bad to the Englishman and the peer, his talent is incommensurable.

"All Englishmen are, as such, without reflection, properly so called; distractions and party spirits will not permit them to perfect themselves in quiet. But they are great as practical men.

"Thus, Lord Byron could never attain reflection on himself, and on this account his maxims in general are not successful, as is shown by his creed, 'much money, no authority,' for much money always paralyzes authority.

"But where he will create, he always succeeds; and we may truly say that with him inspiration supplies the place of reflection. He was always obliged to go on poetizing, and then everything that came from the man, especially from his heart, was excellent. He produced his best things, as women do pretty children, without thinking about it or knowing how it was done.

"He is a great talent, a born talent, and I never saw the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakespeare is his superior. This was felt by Byron, and on this account he does not say much of Shakespeare, although he knows whole passages by heart. He would willingly have denied him altogether; for Shakespeare's cheerfulness is in his way, and he feels that he is no match for it. Pope he does not deny, for he had no cause to fear him. On the contrary, he mentions him, and shows him respect when he can, for he knows well enough that Pope is a mere foil to himself."

Goethe seemed inexhaustible on the subject of Byron, and I felt that I could not listen enough. After a few digressions, he proceeded thus:—

"His high rank as an English peer was very injurious to Byron; for every talent is oppressed by the outer world,—how much more, then, when there is such high birth and so great a fortune. A certain middle rank is much more favourable to talent, on which account we find all great artists and poets in the middle classes. Byron's predilection for the unbounded could not have been nearly so dangerous with more humble birth and

smaller means. But as it was, he was able to put every fancy into practice, and this involved him in innumerable scrapes. Besides, how could one of such high rank be inspired with awe and respect by any rank whatever? He spoke out whatever he felt, and this brought him into ceaseless conflict with the world.

"It is surprising to remark," continued Goethe, "how large a portion of the life of a rich Englishman of rank is passed in duels and elopements. Lord Byron himself says that his father carried off three ladies. And let any man be a steady son after that.

"Properly speaking, he lived perpetually in a state of nature, and with his mode of existence the necessity for self-defence floated daily before his eyes. Hence his constant pistol-shooting. Every moment he expected to be called out.

"He could not live alone. Hence, with all his oddities, he was very indulgent to his associates. He one evening read his fine poem on the death of Sir John Moore, and his noble friends did not know what to make of it. This did not move him, but he put it away again. As a poet, he really showed himself a lamb. Another would have commended them to the devil."

Long as is this passage, we are sure that our readers would regret to lose a word of it. This Journal is intended for future as well as for present reading, as a collection of the *Beauties of Literature* for frequent enjoyment and re-perusal, as well as a record of its progress for reference, and, therefore, we linger so long over a really good book, the advent of which is so rare.

But here we must pause—for the present only. It is our purpose to return more than once to these volumes, so rich in wisdom and in beauty.

Memoirs of the Court of Marie Antoinette, Queen of France. By Madame CAMPAN. 2 vols. Philadelphia. 1850.

The Life of the Empress Josephine. By P. C. HEADLEY. Auburn. 1850. (a)

Not a thought of the faded and already almost forgotten glories of the reign of the "Great Louis," and we commence with the first of these works a look at the court of his voluptuous son, from whom we may perhaps date the cause of the first French Revolution. It is in the reign of Louis XV. that Madame CAMPAN, at the age of fifteen, was appointed "reader" to the young princesses, and a pretty hard time she must have served, for the Princess LOUISE, who entered the convent of St. Denis at an early age, writes:—"I greatly misused your youthful lungs, for two years before the execution of my project. * * I knew that here I could read none but books tending to our salvation, and I wished to review all the historians that had interested me." She was one day stopped by the King who said,

"I understand you are very learned, and understand four or five foreign languages." "I know only two, sire," I answered, trembling.

"Which are they?" "English and Italian."

"Do you speak them fluently?" "Yes, sire, very fluently?"

"That is quite enough to drive a husband mad."

It was to Madame CAMPAN that LOUIS XVI. in 1792 confided his most secret and valuable papers. After this period, for support for herself and son she opened a school at St. Germain, from whence, after twelve years' experience, she was transferred to NAPOLEON's school at Ecouen, through the friendship of Madame DE BEAUMARIS. The last years of her life, spent in suffering and retirement, she devoted to writing this work, to contradict the many libels and falsehoods circulated against her beloved Queen, to whom for many years she filled the office of first lady of the bed-chamber.

Madame CAMPAN's work, known chiefly in this country by its general reputation merely—feminine in one respect, for there is not a date to be found in it,—is, and professes to be, rather a collection of personal anecdotes of the Queen and court, and mostly given dis-

(a) For this notice of two interesting works lately published in America, we are indebted to the Editor of *The New York Literary World*.

jointedly, as a full appendix. It is a work which we unimaginative republicans have long wanted to possess. Nobility we have some idea of, but of royalty, none. We have wanted to know whether kings wore shirts made like other people, with no extra wristbands or an excess of buttons—whether queens wore simple woollen petticoats or whether something more luxurious was fabricated,—whether they washed their faces and hands or some one else did—if they ever eat boiled beef or baked beans. Madame CAMPAN tells us all this and much more, so that we really feel, after reading these chapters, as if we had shaken hands with a monarch or two.

We will narrate some of the duties of a few of the court offices:

LADY OF HONOUR.

* * * Up to the time when M. de Silhouette was appointed comptroller general, cloths, napkins, chemises had been renewed every three years; that minister prevailed on Louis XV. to decide that they should be renewed only once in five years. M. Necker increased it to seven years. The whole of the old articles belonged to the lady of honour. When a foreign princess was married to the heir presumptive, or a son of France, it was the etiquette to go and meet her with her wedding-clothes; the young princess was undressed in a pavilion usually built on the frontiers for the occasion, and every article of her apparel without exception was changed; notwithstanding which, the foreign courts furnished their princesses also with rich wedding clothes, which were considered the lawful perquisites of the lady of honour and the tire-woman. It is to be observed that emoluments and profits of all kinds generally belonged to the great offices. On the death of Maria Leckzinski the whole of her chamber furniture was given to the Countess de Noailles, with the exception of two large rock-crystal lustres, which Louis XV. ordered should be preserved as appurtenances to the throne.

The valet of the wardrobes on duty presented every morning a large book to the first femme de chambre, containing patterns of the gowns, full dresses, undresses, &c. Every pattern was marked to show to which sort it belonged. This was presented to the queen, on her awaking, with a pincushion; her majesty stuck pins into the articles which she chose for the day.

For the winter the queen had generally twelve full dresses, twelve undresses, called fancy dresses, and twelve rich hoop petticoats for the card and supper parties in the smaller apartments. She had as many for summer. Those for the spring served likewise for the autumn; all these dresses were discarded at the end of each season, unless she retained some that she particularly liked. I am not speaking of muslin or cambric muslin gowns or others of the same kind. The appointments of the chief femme de chambre did not exceed 12,000 francs; but all the wax candles of the bed-chamber, closets, and card-room, belonged to them daily whether lighted or not, and this perquisite raised their income to more than 50,000 francs each.

It must have been quite amusing to witness the anxiety with which these nobles watched the flickering candles, to see their property running away before their eyes. It would be useless to attempt here even to enumerate the list of fat offices and no corresponding duties, but these pages will show where a very large portion of the immense revenue of France was squandered:

In order to describe the queen's private service intelligibly, it must be recollected that *service* of every kind was *honour*, and had not any other denomination. To do the honours of the *service*, was to present the service to an officer of superior rank, who happened to arrive at the moment it was about to be performed; thus, supposing the queen asked for a glass of water, the servant of the chamber handed to the first woman a silver gilt waiter upon which was placed a covered goblet and a small decanter; but should the lady of honour come in, the first woman was obliged to present the waiter to her, and if Madame or the Countess d'Artois came in at the moment, the waiter went again from the lady of honour into the hands of the princess before it reached the queen.

The marriage festivities of the Dauphin were conducted on the greatest scale, but sad accidents embittered all the pleasure that was expected from them. Madame CAMPAN gives the following affecting anecdote resulting from the accidental burning of the scaffolds intended for the fireworks:

Amidst this distracted multitude, pressed on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, precipitated into

the ditches of the *Rue Royale* and the Square, was a young man with a girl with whom he was in love. She was beautiful; their attachment had lasted several years; pecuniary causes had delayed their union; but the following day they were to have been married. For a long time the lover, protecting his mistress, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage. But the tumult, the cries, the terror, the peril, every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said, "my strength fails—I can go no further." "There is yet a way," cried the lover in despair, "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her whom he loves, redoubles his ardour and his strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it; arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, faltering, exhausted, fatigued to death, but intoxicated with joy, he turns around; it was a different person—another, more active, had taken advantage of the recommendation; his beloved was no more.

The youthful beauty of ANTOINETTE made her popular at the court generally, though parties endeavoured to excite prejudices, and her principal errors seem to have been her extreme dislike to the court etiquette, often very irksome. But soon the small-pox carried away Louis XV., and the public hailed with joy their new sovereigns, and "a fashionable jeweller made a fortune by the sale of mourning snuff-boxes, whereon the portrait of the young queen, in a black frame of shagreen, admitted the pun: *comfort in chagrin*."

Here again her dislike of forms prejudiced many against her, and at some public receptions she greatly offended many old dowagers. The following anecdote shows some of their ridiculousness:

The princess's toilette was a master-piece of etiquette; everything done on this occasion was in a prescribed form. Both the lady of honour and the tire-woman usually attended and officiated assisted by the first *femme de chambre*, and two inferior attendants. The tire-woman put on the petticoat and handed the gown to the queen. The lady of honour poured out the water for her hands, and put on her body linen. When a princess of the royal family happened to be present while the queen was dressing, the lady of honour yielded to her the latter act of office, but still did not yield it directly to the princess of the blood. Each of these ladies observed these rules scrupulously, as affecting their rights. One winter's day it happened that the queen, who was entirely undressed, was just going to put on her body linen; I held it ready unfolded for her; the lady of honour came in, slipped off her gloves, and took it. A rustling was heard at the door; it was opened and in came the Duchess of Orleans; she took her gloves off, and came forward to take the garment; but as it would have been wrong for the lady of honour to hand it to her, she gave it to me, and I handed it to the princess; a further noise—it was the Countess de Provence; the Duchess of Orleans handed her the linen. All this while the queen kept her arms crossed upon her bosom, and appeared to feel cold; Madame observed her uncomfortable position, and merely laying down her handkerchief, without taking off her gloves, she put on the linen, and doing so, knocked the queen's cap off. The queen laughed to conceal her impatience, but not until she had muttered several times—How disagreeable! how tiresome!

While fashion was ruling supreme, and going to most extravagant lengths, so that the ladies' head-dresses, with their superstructures of gauze, and flowers, and feathers, arose to such a degree of loftiness that the women could not find carriages high enough to admit them, and were often seen stooping, or holding their heads out at the windows, Dr. FRANKLIN appeared at court in the dress of an American cultivator:

A ROYAL JOKE.

His straight, unpowdered hair, his round hat, his brown cloth coat, formed a contrast with the laced and embroidered coats, and the powdered and perfumed heads of the courtiers of Versailles. This novelty turned the enthusiastic heads of the French women. Elegant entertainments were given to Dr. F., who, to the reputation of a most skilful naturalist, added the patriotic virtues which had invested him with the noble character of an apostle of liberty. I was present at one of these entertainments, when the most beautiful women out of three hundred were selected to place a crown of laurel upon the white head of the American philosopher, and

two kisses upon his cheeks. Even in the Palace of Versailles, Franklin's medallion was sold under the King's eyes, in the exhibition of Sevres porcelain. The legend of this medallion was—

Eripuit cœco fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis.

The King never declared his opinion upon an enthusiasm which his correct judgment, no doubt, led him to blame; however, the Countess Diana having to keep her character as a woman of superior talent, entered with considerable warmth into the idolatry of the American Delegate, a jest was played off upon her, which was kept secret enough, and may give us some idea of the private sentiments of Louis XVI. He had a *vase de nuit* made at the Sevres manufactory, at the bottom of which was the medallion with its fashionable legend, and he sent the utensil to the Countess Diana, as a new year's gift.

But the excitement of a court and their conversations are not always of so elevated a style, and scenes occasionally occurred which would be better located elsewhere:

Etiquette, or, indeed, I might say a sense of propriety, prohibited all persons from laying things belonging to them on the seats of the queen's chamber. At Versailles one had to cross this chamber to reach the play-room. The Duchess * * * laid her cloak in one of the folding stools that stood before the balustrade of the bed; the usher of the chamber, whilst they were at play, saw the cloak, and carried it into the footman's ante-chamber. The queen had a favourite cat, which was constantly running about the apartments. This satin cloak, lined with fur, appeared very convenient for the cat, who took possession of it accordingly. Unfortunately, he left very unpleasant marks of his preference, which remained but too evident. The Duchess observed them, took the cloak in her hand, and returned in a violent passion to the queen's chamber, where her majesty (Maria Leekzinski) remained, surrounded by almost all the court. "Only see, Madame," said she, "the impertinence of your people, who have thrown my pelisse on a bench in the ante-chamber, where your majesty's cat has served it in this manner."

The Life of Josephine is a mere compilation, and is composed very much of her own letters and journal. It is not wanting in interest; that is impossible to any account of the times of NAPOLEON. It is written, perhaps, in a less intense style than that which characterizes most of the works of its compiler. Nevertheless we find florid passages enough, like the following concerning ROBESPIERRE, who, "like NERO, gloried in his homicidal pastime, till he drained the wine-cup of unmingled depravity, and died in his hideous intoxication."

Such works as these are useful, if they serve to stimulate the mind to research and study of the complete history of the times; but if they are taken as substitutes for "the whole truth," and the mind be satisfied with such incomplete and one-sided accounts, their utility becomes more than questionable.

Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S. With a Life and Notes, by RICHARD LORD BRAYBROOKE. Third edition, considerably enlarged. In 5 vols. Vol. I. London: Colburn. 1851.

WE have good news for the readers of the LONDON LITERARY JOURNAL. Here is a treat for them! A new edition of a book which has not its like in the literature of the world—a book which can never be taken up or opened at any page without presenting something quaint, amusing, and thoroughly original—to wit, the world-renowned *Diary of Pepys*—to appear in monthly volumes, at a small price, that will place it within the reach of persons of small means, and yet in its contents considerably enlarged by the inclusion of much that had been omitted from the former editions, is now to be offered to the public by the enterprise of Mr. COLBURN. That it will have an enormous sale, and will thus amply reward the venture, is certain. We announce the fact now, because we cannot at this moment do more. Already, in former notices of the more costly edition, we have described at length the nature of its contents, and exhibited them by copious extracts. A

pressure of new works forbids us to make further extracts just now. But this is the first volume only of five: In the course of the publication, we shall note some of the additions, and introduce them to our readers from time to time. In this day's Journal we must be content with congratulating them upon the appearance, in this cheap and improved form, of a book which needs only to be named as within the reach of persons of moderate means, to be at once procured by them.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Episodes of Insect Life. By ACHETA DOMESTICA, M. E. S. Third Series. London: Reeves and Benham.

WITH a great deal to admire, and still more to amuse, this beautiful volume contains much against which we are bound, as true lovers of science, to put in our protest. The author rides his hobby too hard. Having conceived the happy idea of teaching natural history by tales and anecdotes, he has carried it further than, in a work designed for instruction, is quite consistent with propriety, its effect being to cause mistrust in the reader's mind, and, especially with the young, to make the boundary between fact and fiction somewhat uncertain.

The two former volumes of the series, of which this is the third and concluding one, were reviewed at the time of their publication, and the public judgment confirmed the verdicts of approval then passed upon them. The present is in no way inferior in the quality of its information, in agreeable composition, or in beauty of illustration, to its predecessors. It treats of Beetles in general, of Parasites, the Jack o' Lantern in Armour, the Instincts of Maternity, Father Longlegs and his Family, the Scarabæus and his Modern Worshippers, Insect Dirge-Players, Short Lives and Long, Stars of the Earth, Insect Movements, Story of an Ogre, Painting, Carving and Gilding, Spiders in their analogies with other orders of creation, a new gallery of Practical Science, and the Spirits of Hearth and Home, by which title she quaintly designates the Cockroaches!

The wonders of the Insect World have been familiarized to the public of late years by numerous works devoted to a description of them. To Messrs. KIRBY and SPENCE the credit is due of having first made the subject popular. Then came the three volumes in *The Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, reporting the Architecture and Habits of Insects. Still the theme was unexhausted, and now three larger volumes pursue it in a somewhat different strain, and yet there remains a great deal to be told which our author will, we trust, give to the world in some other form. The present is not a scientific treatise on insects, but a gossip about insects, the author travelling into other topics as she talks, and indulging in reflections or jokes according to her mood. The only plan which she seems to have followed is that of arranging her discourses under the various months of the year, describing under each the insects that appear to be most appropriate to the season. Her mode of treatment will be best shown by the following extracts, which cannot fail to be acceptable to our readers, and, therefore, we make no apology for their length. Thus she discourses on the

LUMINOUSNESS OF INSECTS.

Enough, at all events, has been ascertained about the illuminating matter of the glowworm's lamp to prove it perfectly incapable of setting light to any tapers save those of fairy manufacture. Who could quarrel with that pretty conceit of our immortal bard which converts "the glowworm's fiery eyes" into lucifers for the use of Titania's household? Yet, in our character of entomologist, we may, perhaps, be permitted to observe, that Shakspeare has here taken more of poet's license than he is wont to do in his allusions to natural objects which are in general so infinitely more correct than those of his modern brethren of the lyre. It is admissible enough to term "fiery" what looks luminous, but

it is a long stretch, truly, even to the length of the creature's antipodes, to endow it with "fiery eyes," in lieu of a fiery-seeming tail. Though the eyes of most night-prowlers are luminous, those of the female glow-worm are not, we believe, at all so, any more than those of her flying mate; but the latter are prodigiously large, so large as to constitute the largest portion of his head. The purpose of these disproportioned organs cannot, perhaps, be positively told; but, according to the old theory of the "light of love," we should suppose that if the lady glowworm (an insect *Hero*) were, on first acquaintance, to exclaim to her Leander, "Oh, my dear! what great eyes you have!" he would reply, like the wolfish granddam, though in quite another spirit, "Ah, love! they are all the better to see you with!" Before having quite done with "fiery eyes," we may notice that if the "Swan of Avon" had applied this epithet to the moth instead of glowworm, his fancy would have better corresponded with fact; for a fact is, is though probably quite unknown in the days of Shakspeare, that many species of night-flying moths are endowed with luminosity in the organs of sight, the light being most visible while the insect is in motion.

Here is an account of

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Our sketch comparative may possibly have excited in some of our readers a desire to compare for themselves the persons and the merits of our insect professors of the "joyous science;" but this, with the tree-hopper, is no easy matter. The *Tettix* of ancient Greece, and *Cicada* of ancient and modern Italy, has a place, indeed, amongst British insects, but it has been rarely seen in England, and only, we believe, in the New Forest, whose shades, however, would not seem to have resounded with its song. Allied insects there nevertheless are, of English birth,—some of them pretty, some of form remarkable, but none very likely to attract attention, for lack of size and song. There is, however, one species to be seen universally on hedges and in gardens all through the summer, which, in shape and make, will help to give a notion of the true *Cicada*. Though the person of this diminutive tree-hopper, at least before it attains maturity, is screened in a singular manner from common observation, there is scarcely an insect of more easy discovery when once we have penetrated the mystery of its white veil. Who has not noticed, about the time of the cuckoo's welcome advent, the leaves of hawthorn, hazel, woodbine—the leaves, in short, of almost every common shrub and plant in hedge and garden—beginning to be besprinkled with frothy masses, which they know, probably, by the familiar appellation of "cuckoo-spit?" Pinning on this name their faith as to its nature, few people, perhaps, have ever taken the trouble to ascertain, as to the latter, the accuracy of their notions. Let such do so now by examination for themselves, and they will find, imbedded in the centre of each frothy "foam," a little green, black-eyed insect, from whose body the froth is none other than a secretion, intended, it would seem, to cover and protect its wingless infancy. If removed by violence, this frothy veil is gradually renewed; but, as its little wearer approaches maturity it becomes curtailed and thinner. Then is our time, if we wish to acquire from this Tom Thumb of tree-hoppers some slender notion of his comparatively gigantic relative, the Grecian Singer, to pluck him, with leaf and branch, from his native tree, and set him up under a glass for inspection or exhibition. The veil of froth having shrunk to a film, we shall then discern, as each part of the insect emerges from a previous skin, first, a large, flat, frog-shaped head, with eyes set wide apart; then a triangular neck, or shoulder-piece, flanked by small protuberances, which might seem apologies for wings; and, lastly, a short annulated body, pointed at the extremity. Six legs, of which the hinder pair, more strong and lengthy than their fellows, bespeak endowments of a leaping character, will complete, to all appearance, the somewhat grotesque figure of our little tree-hopper, or frog-hopper, as he is more generally called. But, though thus unveiled and thus unceased (his skin, perfect even to the legs, left behind him in silvery emptiness, like a shadow of his former self,) we shall yet have to wait a little longer before we can behold him altogether a thing complete. He lacks not wings, only his wings want expansion; but, after about ten minutes, occupied in their unfolding from out the little shoulder-knots which yet encase them, will appear, in readiness for flight, two large transparent pinions, defended outwardly by a pair of less delicate texture. When the latter have put on their colours, most often variegated brown and white, behold a final and ample finish to the exterior of our frog-hopper, who, as soon as released from crystal durance, will afford, in an agile spring, half-flight, half leap, an ocular demonstration of the fitness of his name.

The authoress describes

THE WORKING TOOLS OF INSECTS.

The use of that most simple yet most powerful of

instruments, the wedge, could have been suggested by an operation commonly performed by every species of bee; yet he who first lit upon this wonder-working implement would have, no doubt, laughed incredulously on being told that he was using the same sort of agency to rend, perhaps, an oak, as that employed by a bee beside him to effect its entrance or egress through the closed door of a blossom of toad-flax or snap-dragon. The insect, in accomplishment of this purpose, rests on the lower lip of the flower, insinuates its tongue between the upper lip and the valve, and then, thrusting in its head, acts with it as a wedge to force the shut edges asunder. It is, perhaps, not surprising that insects, by reason of their littleness, should have failed, as well as more bulky though less clever adepts in art instinctive, to serve as our instructors; yet, had only their operations been carefully noticed, or could they, in early ages, have been so observed, hints must have been hence derived, such as could scarcely have failed to antedate not only some of the boasted discoveries of modern science, but also those leading arts of building, navigation, and clothing, which the polished nations of the world have been so long in acquiring, and the rude ones have scarcely yet learnt. But if insect *operatives* and *operations* have till of late been overlooked, it is even less to be wondered at that insect *mechanisms*, or the *instruments* with which they operate, should to us have proved useless as patterns, seeing that these could not, in most cases, have been even perceived without the aid, on our part, of instruments of observation—the magnifying lenses, which have now opened to view, as a part of insect organism, a set of admirably adapted working tools, such as might well have offered models for the furnishing of our own workshops, had not these been provided previously with corresponding, and, in some instances, curiously similar implements. Saws, files, augurs, forceps, lancets, tweezers, with a variety of other tools, were in possession of insect artisans, while a fish-tooth, or a piece of sharpened stone or wood, were the best implements which unenlightened man knew how to manufacture; nor hardly could he have taken hints from nature in the absence of those developed faculties requisite for the observation and understanding of nature's models.

Let us now take a peep into

THE NEW GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Ladies and gentlemen of a mechanic turn, we can introduce you to a new theatre of exhibition, where ingenious mechanisms, arts, and manufactures are in daily operation. There, without payment of a shilling, you may look upon diving-bells and balloons—see bodies propelled through water by the strokes of an internal piston—examine the models of a life-boat and a raft—observe the effect of cleverly constructed buoys—behold in practice or in their finished productions the crafts of masonry, carpentry, spinning, weaving, and paper-making—see the operations of and the implements for boring and tunnelling, the exercises of rowing and diving, with various other clever and curious performances, of which the Polytechnic can do no more, and in many instances does less, than display the parallels. Should you even be of the number who frequent the above-named gallery for its music rather than its mechanisms, for its pictures rather than its philosophy, our theatre lacks not something to suit your humour. We are not without our stringed instruments and our drums, and pictures we can show you of which the vivid colours and the graceful forms come out as if by magic, slowly, and to all seeming, self-arranging, like the tints and outlines of each new landscape in a series of dissolving views. Should you even be of those who delight more in the freaks of nature than in the experiments of art, should you despise the diving-bell and patronize the dwarf, we can treat you with specimens of the singular and grotesque; and as for marvels of minuteness, the ring you may have seen glitter on the finger of General Tom Thumb would serve, if laid upon a table, as a capacious walled arena for the performances of pygmies to whom we could introduce you.

Let us next turn to that curious piece of floating machinery which is now approaching us. But we see, our friends, you look incredulous. "Machinery!" you exclaim, "why we see nothing but a little ugly monster with a great head and staring eyes, a reptile-shaped body, six hairy legs, and a sort of triple pointed tail." True, but let us watch its progress through the water, with which, as we shall find presently, those six legs have infinitely less concern than the tail, that triple, or, more correctly, quintuple pointed tail of which you spoke. Now this anal apparatus forms, in fact, the mouth of an internal pump or piston, made instrumental to the motion of the body which contains it. See how these little fragments of paper which we throw into the water are alternately drawn towards and repelled from the instrument in question; and drawn in, in like manner, is a portion of the water, which, regularly imbibed and rejected by the insect's pump, forms a jet which propels the creature through resis-

tance of the mass of fluid in its rear. Time will only serve now for notice of one more object in this, the aquatic division of our exhibition, but that is an object worthy, like the diving-bell of the "Polytechnic," its artificial prototype, of particular attention. Yes, amongst these miniature models is one, as we shall show you, of a diving-bell; though you will hear no tinkling notice of its working and descent, inasmuch as it is usually stationary, or only movable at pleasure of its diving occupant, of whose intentions it would be a difficult matter to give notice.

Well, here, beside the edge of our canal, moored to an aquatic plant by some silken cables, we perceive, submerged all but the top, a bell or dome not very dissimilar in size and shape to the half of a pigeon's egg. Like that, and like a diving-bell, it is open at bottom; but this is an assertion which, perhaps, ladies and gentlemen, requires proof.

To give you on this point entire satisfaction, we will raise from the water and reverse our diver's habitation, even at the risk of disturbing its occupant, who has been also, we must tell you, its ingenious constructor. There,—the bell is uplifted, and we see him sitting within it, head downwards—a somewhat strange position;—but it seems we have fairly routed him. He falls!—falls, though, upon eight legs, and makes off at full speed, no matter whither. Our business now is with his vacated abode,—a dome woven, as we now see, of close-spun silk,—open, as we said, at bottom, impervious at top, with no orifice for entrance of water or of air. Unprovided with a pipe or other visible contrivance for conveyance of the latter, how, we may inquire, did our submerged diver manage to respire under water? Why, in truth, he is somewhat of an amphibious animal, but he nevertheless finds it convenient to take down with him from upper air a supply of the vital element, which he not unfrequently returns to fetch. Is it by means of an air-pump that he collects his supply? Not exactly; but by help of a curious inhaling or imbibing instrument carried at the tail, and called a spinneret, because it serves also the purpose of spinning—helping him to spin his bell-like and aquatic habitation.

Providence has made ample provisions against the undue increase of insect life by setting some to prey upon others. Of these checks upon population one of the most efficient is

THE ICHNEUMON.

While stuffing its variegated doublet of green, black, and yellow, with vegetable pulp, a small ichneumon, a little four-winged imp, with black body and yellow legs, pounces on its back, flourishes her tremendous egg-inserting weapon, and seeking therewith the caterpillar's most vulnerable part, plunges it, now here, now there, between its rings, leaving, with every puncture, a "thorn in the flesh," soon to be the living prey of a brood of devourers. The victim of this infliction bears all with a most astonishing degree of quietude; and, without any outward signs of the visitation which has befallen it, continues to discuss its cabbage with apparently the same relish as before, and utterly unconscious that, while seeming to feed only itself, it is in reality supporting the surreptitious progeny which Mother Ichneumon has so cunningly committed to its involuntary keeping. Thus strangely supported, the infant or grub cuckoo-flies attain their growth, and so, to all appearance, does their unfortunate fosterer, the caterpillar. According to instinctive custom, the latter, then deserting its cabbage, betakes itself, perhaps in July or August, to the sheltering coping of a garden wall, or cross-bar of a paling; places where, in the common course of nature, it is accustomed to discard the caterpillar and put on the chrysalis form. But nature has, in this case, been overruled (we may be certain, as always by the wise permission of her Great Master), the tiny ichneumon having been employed as the agent of her defeat. We have happened, perhaps, to see a caterpillar, visited as just described, ascend its wall or paling. In a day or two, perhaps in a few hours, we see it again, still a caterpillar, and alive, but reduced almost to an empty skin, while heaped around it is a mass of little oval cocoons of yellow silk. By some people these might be taken for the caterpillar's eggs; by others, for a specimen of its own spinning; and they might suppose, moreover, that it had worked so hard as well-nigh to work itself to death; but no such thing—the yellow silken cases have been spun by the little brood of parasites, which, having simultaneously deserted the poor shrunken body of their fosterer, have thus shrouded themselves for safe attainment of the winged perfection which she (poor blighted promise of a butterfly!) is never to attain.

Our young friends will be pleased to learn something about

OLD FATHER LONGLEGS.

Next to the butterfly and the ladybird, we may per-

haps assign a place, among the insect familiars of our childhood, to that ungainly skipper best known to us, whosoever we may meet him—"upstairs or downstairs or in my lady's chamber"—as "Old Father Longlegs."

Our book-learning may have possibly made us acquainted with him, since, under the more refined epithet of *Tipula*, or Crane-fly; but call the creature by what name we may—"Tipula," "Crane-fly," "Jenny Spinner," "Tailor," or "Daddy Longlegs," it was nothing but his legs which made him, in our childhood, an object of wondering notice; and it is at this prodigious length of shank that some grown-up people may be apt to wonder still; to wonder also for what purpose it was given; to wonder, thirdly, why the legs, which seem in truth hardly to belong to their owner, fall off so readily; and to wonder, lastly, at the unimpaired activity which he is accustomed to evince under the loss of one or more of his six unstable supporters.

Now, with reference to wonder the second and inquiry the first—that, namely, about the use, to its possessor, of an extra length of limb—no very probable solution is likely to present itself while we merely look at Father Longlegs when we happen to encounter him on stairs or in chambers, which, whether "my lady's" or "my lord's," are places where, in fact, he has no business—where he is nothing but an intruder—a stranger—and where, like other awkward creatures in strange society, he is never to be seen to the best advantage. But let those who would have a shrewd guess at the use of his ungainly members, take a peep at Mr. Longshanks when he is at home in his own element and in the indulgence of his own habits; for which purpose they can hardly do better than accompany us, this fine September evening, to some pleasant meadows watered by a running stream.

Here then we are, with the sun about to set in all his glory; and here is our long-legged acquaintance in his glory too, and full of glee amidst a crowd of his companions; now rising blithely on the wing—now footing it feathery over the blades of grass, be they low or be they high, by the help of his convenient pins, used like stilts to overtop all impediments, and to prove to us lookers-on, that stilts were given him for something, and for something better than idly to fan the dust of "my lady's chamber," as he waves them up and down in his rest of seeming restlessness upon wall or ceiling. As we look, now, on the movements of Father Longlegs, we seem to see clearly that long legs were given him because his proper business, exercise, and pleasure require him to make his way, not over level ground, but over high, uneven grass.

Our stilted walker is now upon the wing, and, as he rises into air, we perceive another of the apparent uses of his lengthy legs. We notice now, that in the act of flying his two fore legs are horizontally pointed forwards, while the four hinder are stretched out in an opposite direction; the one forming the prow, the other the stern of his trim-built vessel, in its voyage through the ocean of air.

Of two of our domestic plagues we are informed, that one is the mortal enemy of the other, and, therefore, not ruthlessly to be destroyed.

THE SPIDER AND THE BUG.

Of the common root of *bug* and *bugbear* a curious proof is noticed in the "Insect Miscellanies," namely, that in Matthew's Bible, the fifth verse of the ninety-first Psalm is rendered—"Thou shalt not nede be afraide of any bugs by night;" and in this same sense the word must have been put by Shakespeare into the mouth of the Prince of Denmark—

With ho! such bugs and goblins in my life.

Chinche, or wall-louse, was the name under which bugs were known before the time of Ray. But what's in a name? Roses, we know by any other "would smell as sweet," and, reversing the objects and their quality, let's wash our hands of them. But stop! Before we leave their favourite locality, the bed of down which they convert into a bed of nettles, let's see what is this moving object on the floor, by the bedside. 'Tis nothing but a bit of rubbish, a token of the housemaid's negligence, a mingled piece conglomerate of flue, and dust, and feathers, set in motion by the draught from underneath the door. Yet, no; never did wind create such careful motion;—and see! There is a leg—a living leg—and now another, protruded from the cloak of shreds and patches. Never did lame beggar hitch in his gait more piteously. Perhaps 'tis a great wounded spider caught in the remnants of his own snare. But whatever be the cripple, let's unlock him. Oh, the rogue!—impertinent!—hypocrite! No sooner is he stripped of his disguise of dirt, than he takes to his heels as if the devil was behind him; but he shall not escape us; and now that he is fairly caught, let us carry him before the light for examination. And, truly, a more ill-looking miscreant, and ferocious withal, was never "pulled up" at Bow-street: his eye, especially, has

murder in it, and murder, doubtless, was his design. What other could he have when lurking in disguise, like a cowardly assassin, beside a bed? He is self-condemned, let not the monster live. Yet the monster is but an insect after all; as such, shall we not spare him as beneath our anger?

No! for on such a dangerous plea, Immunity we give each flea.

True; but ill-favoured as he is, our prisoner, in relation to ourselves, is innocent; nay, he is more,—he is, to us, a friend and benefactor in disguise; while of our enemy the bug, although of the same kindred, he is also, in disguise, the deadly foe, destroyer, and devourer. It was in cunning pursuit of this, his darling prey, that we found him, under cover of his rubbish canopy, cautiously advancing, that he might spring, unheeded, on his victim; and for this reason, *Reduvius personatus*, thou masked bug-catcher, we release, and bid thee go and prosper. It is in its first form of *larva*, that this wily *Reduvius*, or bug-catching bug, may occasionally be observed engaged as above described in its useful avocation.

But we have been tempted to trespass too far upon our columns which, although enlarged, are not ample enough for the claims upon them—therefore, we part now reluctantly from the *Episodes of Insect Life*, assuring our readers that it is peculiarly adapted for a gift-book, alike from the beauty of its appearance as from the interest and instruction of its contents.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Life, Scenery and Customs in Sierra Leone and the Gambia. By THOMAS EYRE POOLE, D.D., Colonial and Garrison Chaplain of Sierra Leone. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

DR. POOLE is by nature a soldier, and by profession a clergyman. Following his tastes, he first aspired to the army; but, his commission not coming so soon as he had anticipated, he went into the Church. Still nature would have her way, and, as a compromise between inclination and compulsion, he became an army chaplain. In this character, he served in the West Indies for five years. Retiring to England he was offered the post of Colonial Chaplain at Sierra Leone, which he accepted, spite of its notorious fatality to European life. The most wonderful part of his history remains to be told—he returned alive, and looks forward to another visit. So did a friend of ours, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the renowned monument of English folly: he remained for two years, came back in health, returned, defying climate and counting on a certain earning of his handsome retiring pension; but, in six months, he was a corpse. DR. POOLE has escaped the charnel-house once, let him not tempt fortune too often, but stay at home, and preach, and write books, and live out his life.

For a right jolly priest is Dr. POOLE—a true army chaplain. He eats well, drinks well, sleeps well; enjoys the pleasures of existence, is active, energetic, and cheerful. He does not confess it, but we have no doubt that he could, upon occasion, sing a good song and tell a good story. The mess table never voted him a bore, and he endured the standard jokes upon "the parson," with professional gravity of face and a soldierly twinkling of the corners of the eye. In "The White Man's Grave," he took no pains to avoid danger: he exposed himself to sun and malaria; walked about everywhere; visited infected places; made friends with the people, native, colonial, coloured and white, and doubtless was a universal favourite. He did not quite escape the disease of the climate: the fever grappled with him more than once, but his constitution proved the stronger of the two, and expelled the intruder from his blood.

Having such excellent opportunities, he might have written a work of very great value, but he has not made the best of his advantages. He indulges a great deal too much in amplified descriptions of places and scenery—of all things the most impossible to be conveyed by words to the minds of an audience. He is not

content with a bold outline, leaving the reader to fill up the details from his own imagination, and so create for himself a picture which, if not strictly correct, is at least distinct and bright, but he must go into detail and perplex with multitudes of words, and in the end produces nothing but a confused mass of patches. Another fault is the introduction of dialogues, and sayings and doings of people about whom the reader knows and cares nothing. He makes complaint of the Colonial Office, as do all writers on colonial matters, because that is a convenient entity on which to charge colonial misfortunes, let them come from what source they will.

What a fine thing it would be for grievance-mongers if there were one bureau at home, on whom all the misfortunes of every individual in the country could be fastened! How glad we should all be to exempt ourselves from reproach for our failures and follies by setting them down to the account of "the Office."

DR. POOLE certainly bears testimony to this important fact that the slaves are improved and improvable. The liberated Africans were a superior people to the natives; and the negro himself is not incapable of being taught, as appears from many anecdotes related by Dr. POOLE. Here is one:

AN AFRICAN QUERIST.

A more pleasing and delightful trait of character, of quite a different complexion, and which was exhibited under very interesting circumstances, was once described to me by a friend on the coast, who was himself concerned in the transaction which brought it to light. This gentleman had been preaching on the previous day to the people under his care. He was accosted by a native, one of the members of his charge, who said he wished very much to speak to him; and, on being asked the purport of his question, he told the person what he wanted, which was an explanation of a word he had heard, but could not understand. "Massa, massa," he exclaimed, "good morning, massa. You done speak, yesterday, one big word!" He was asked what it was. The inquirer continued, "Massa, I no can tell, but I want you to tell me what it is." The gentleman was altogether at a loss to conjecture what the expression could be which had made such an impression on this simple but sincere convert to Christianity; and tried a variety of words, but without arriving at that which was the subject of explanation. "Is it glory?" asked the gentleman. The man said "That bright for good, but that not the word." "Is it God?" continued the gentleman. "I savez God be bright," answered the inquirer; "but that not the word." "Is it grace?" pursued my friend. "I savez that," said the African, "in my heart," putting his hand upon it at the same time; "that be good, but it no be that." The gentleman was almost disheartened and ready to give up the inquiry, when he remembered having used the expression effulgence. "Is it effulgence?" asked the gentleman. The word was scarcely spoken than, in an ecstasy of delight, and laughing for joy, the African exclaimed, "Yes, massa; yes, massa, that be big word: please tell me what that big word mean." To the best of his ability the person tried to make him understand its meaning by directing his attention to the rising sun, and other objects calculated to assist his mind in comprehending it; when the poor fellow observed, raising his eyes to heaven, and clasping his hands together, "Oh, massa, that just how we shall see God in heaven!"

It appears that the Church is very ill represented there. Its missionaries are comparatively few, the work of diffusing Christianity being carried on for the most part by the Wesleyans. Thus is described

THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

The form of the building is oblong; but miserably out of proportion, as the edifice is by far too wide for its length. The church has a square turreted tower, but no bells, as in Old England, to gladden the heart with their merry music. How often have I, as going to and returning from my unsatisfactory duties, yearned to hear sounding forth from St. George's yet unconsecrated walls the changing peals of such Sabbath bells as enliven those whose happiness it is to live within their chimes! The want of even a bell in the church to toll the people to service is only one of those unaccountable omissions for which indifference to matters of this nature can alone account. Over the east end of the building, where the altar stands, there is an arched window, which for a long time was partially concealed; but, thanks to the good taste of the present surveyors,

is now fully restored. It is the only thing in the building deserving notice; and ornamented with stained glass would have an imposing effect. At this end of the church, outside, on the angle of it is a stone cross. Formerly there was a round ball,—what to signify no one, except the person who put it there, can say.

The first thing to which my attention was directed on officiating in St. George's, was the mistake which I discovered in the Decalogue. I perceived that the seventh and eighth Commandments were incorrectly placed, the one expressing the obligations of the other. How long this gross error has been permitted to remain uncorrected I cannot tell; but there it is yet, to bear witness to the blindness of eye, as well as heart, which can tolerate in the house of the Most High so palpable a mistake. This would not be seen in any of the missionary churches or chapels.

He tells us

HOW TO LIVE IN SIERRA LEONE.

The pulse of social life in Sierra Leone for the most part beats slow and languidly. The pleasures of friendly communion, and charms of rational conversation, are little studied or cared about. What the wretched dissensions and petty jealousies of selfishness and party spirit fail of accomplishing towards producing dullness and monotony, languor and debility, both physical and mental, are too successful in supplying. Apathy and ennui triumph powerfully over the powers of thought and action; and these enemies to exertion and energy affect all alike, prostrating at times the most robust and active, and affecting him with that most disagreeable of all sensations, called by some the "fidgets," by others "the blue devils." Restless and uneasy, dissatisfied with yourself and every one, with everything, you pace your piazza, throw yourself on the sofa, rummage your boxes, turn out your clothes, examine your books, call your fowls to an extra feed, or try to catch the distant sail of some expected vessel on the horizon, but all to no purpose; "you do not know what to do with yourself." Then is the time for change, for amusement, for excitement. Mount your horse, if you have one, and you never ought to be without, for you will find him your best friend in this miserable place, mount him, and be off to the country, no matter where, so that you can get quit of your hippishness—

Not rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid nature.

To the Signal Hill, my friend, to the Manager's house at Wilberforce, where hospitality, and a comfortable country sofa, and a sweet pretty garden (and a breeze, if any, will be felt there), and a view of Free-town, its harbour and whereabouts—an animated picture without the annoyance of its realities—will revive and invigorate you! Or else to Regent, a delightful romantic ride—deep dells, shelving ravines, and wild hills and steeps, with their slopes and valleys of Cassada and Cocoa on one side enlivening the large and numerous blocks of dark rock which lie scattered about in every direction. And when you gain that interesting little village, with its comfortable parsonage, its neat and simple church, its old angular barge, dilapidated and arching a clear, bold, mountain stream of rippling waters, playfully splashing over the stones, and eddying between the rocks which oppose its way, just in old English style, your ill humour and complainings will no longer plague you.

The following is, we fear, but one specimen of many that might be produced to show how the benevolence of the British public is imposed upon:

A NOVEL SLAVE TRADER.

Some few days since, an officer in the navy on service on the coast had sufficient grounds, as he believed, to suspect that the Slave-trade was carried on to a considerable extent on some particular part of it. He directed his attention there accordingly, destroyed the Baracoons, and took such additional measures as he considered necessary and legitimate to suppress the trade,—in which he succeeded. But an action was brought against him, and from some difficulties in the onset of the business in procuring witnesses to prove that he was justified in what he did, he was obliged to return to England to vindicate his measures. A black woman, of the name of Trinorman, came forward at last to give evidence in his behalf, and her testimony settled the case in his favour. For the service thus rendered to the emancipation cause by this dark damsel, she became an object of interest in London, the attraction at all Anti-slavery meetings, the favourite of a blind admiration, praises and presents seemed to be at rivalry which should be most forward and munificent in conferring their gifts upon her, and she returned to her native land carrying away with her the most substantial proofs of John Bull's simple good-nature. But, what then? One day, and not many months since, a poor African child was taken to the police court in Free-

town in a most pitiable state. Her back and arms were dreadfully lacerated by severe flogging which she had suffered. Fear withheld her from telling where she originally came from, and who her parents were. She was handed over, therefore, to the kind protection of an honest countryman who volunteered to take care of her. Not long after, a native woman, handsomely dressed, and ornamented with a profusion of trinkets, made application in a very independent manner, for the restoration to her of a child who had left her, and whom she had subsequently discovered. It was the poor little destitute African girl! The applicant was closely interrogated; the child also was now induced to tell her tale, and to the horror of every one present, Trinorman stood before the seat of justice—a self-convicted slave-dealer! A war in the Sherbro country had led to the capture of a native inhabitant of that place, together with his wife and child. Trinorman, in opposition to the supplications of the distressed parents, bought and carried the young living booty off with another slave. When reproved for her shameful behaviour towards the child, she boasted of and vindicated herself in her deed of cruelty, said she had a right to beat the girl, which belonged to her, and would do it again.

The sad tale told by the spectacle of so many thousands of lives sacrificed in the cause of humanity, gives a melancholy interest to this sketch of

THE CEMETERY AT SIERRA LEONE.

There is but one spot in this rich landscape (a view of Freetown), which casts a gloom upon the happiness which otherwise pervades the whole. It is that which is covered with so many tombstones, the last appointed place for man on earth! I could never contemplate this piece of ground, overgrown with rank grass, disturbed as it is by swine and cattle of every kind uprooting the graves, and despoiling this sanctuary of the dead, without emotions of indignation and sorrow. This burial-ground is exposed to every degradation from the animals which are continually straying about, having no other fence than a lime hedge fronting the road, the other sides of it being almost entirely open. I have myself seen the most revolting instances of desecration from the swine when I have been there on duty. If any one thing reflects on the cold and stoical indifference of persons to that redeeming quality in our nature which loves to respect the mortal remains of our fellow-creatures more than another, it is the supineness which has so long tolerated such a shameful neglect of the dearest rights of humanity, and the misnamed economy which has found a way of dispensing with any scruples of conscience that might sometimes arise on this subject, on the plea of want of means. If but a fractional part of the immense sums which have been wasted at different times and to little purpose had been dedicated to the protecting the dust of man from continual profanation, the grave-yard, where numbers of our countrymen, governors, commanders, officials, lie indiscriminately, without a tombstone to mark the place of their sepulture, would not be the neglected wilderness it now is. There is not so much as a shed at its entrance where the officiating minister may robe himself, or find a shelter from the rays of the burning sun or pelting rain, whilst he awaits the arrival of the corpse; and this he has to do for sometimes two or three hours. A strong palisade, or rough stone wall, would, if no better protection could be given to it, be better than leaving it as it is. And the chain-gang, if the public chest is too poor to meet the expense of such a reasonable claim upon it as this, might be very usefully employed here as well as elsewhere, in clearing away the rubbish and overgrown bush and grass, and making cross paths of sufficient width and number to admit a dry and unobstructed path for the mourners. Nor would it be an undesirable arrangement to have numbers affixed, whereby, as in England, the spot of any particular interment might be ascertained. The burial-ground is not exclusively attached to the Government Colonial Church as a freehold appendage to it, as is the case in general with churches and churchyards; and therefore is open to all denominations, Christian, or Heathen, or infidel, for the reception of their dead.

But let us turn to a more cheerful topic. Here is

A NEGRO WEDDING.

The behaviour of the applicants for the bonds of Hymen is, for the most part, decorous; but I am sometimes compelled to read them a lecture, as well as the friends who attend them. I make, however, every allowance for their not knowing better. The most troublesome and unpleasant part of the duty is to regulate and keep in order the ill-behaved, and very often disreputable characters who noisily and irreverently crowd into the church on such occasions, and would, if not restrained by severe and decisive interference, bring their indecencies and ribaldry up to the

railings of the altar. I have often been obliged to send for a policeman to preserve decorum; and then the miserable beings will run out of the church with laughter and grins and every other expression of ignorance and contempt. The dress of the bride and bridegroom at the bridal merits a better pen than mine to describe it. The uglier the parties, the more pains they seem to take to show it off to the utmost, by the most conspicuous contrast of colour and finery. Fancy a short, dumpy, waddling bit of a body, black as jet, covered with white silk or satin! Flounces four deep, white satin shoes, white gloves, artificial wreath or a fillet of natural flowers encircling her curly pate. There is no exaggeration in this. Then the massive ear-rings of virgin gold depending from two monstrous lapping ears, the almost imperceptible nose, the pouting lip, and white pearly teeth. So much for the bride. Now for the bridegroom. Scarcely able to turn one way or the other, so tightly is he cased in a blue swallow-tailed coat with gilt figured buttons, white folding waistcoat, and everything else to correspond. The wedding-ring must not be overlooked, as it is frequently a curiosity itself, and not always of gold, or plain, but sometimes silver, brass, tin, broad and twisted. The glove of the bashful lady has generally to be violently taken off to admit the putting on the finger the precious emblem of fidelity and perpetuity of love; and I have never wanted volunteers to officiate for me in helping the most interested of the party to get the ring honestly and fairly in its appointed place. The most painful part of my duty in these matters was to get them to repeat the words of the service after me. The wretched stupidity they would show in trying to do this exceeds belief; and the unseasonable ridicule it would provoke in their own people was distressingly trying. In short, their utter ignorance in numerous cases of the nature of the responsibilities they were undertaking could not fail of causing regret that they marry at all.

The insect nuisances are among the most serious of the uncomfortablenesses of Sierra Leone, and, of them the most teasing and troublesome is

THIS BLACK ANT.

The Black Ant, however, is the insect most to be dreaded, not merely on account of its severe bite, but because it is so destructive to live stock as well as dead, and so difficult to get rid of, when once they have found their way into your house, or any other part of your premises. They are much larger than our full-sized emmet, have strong large front forceps, which inflict a severe pinch, and are very powerful in their bodily actions, as well as swift in their movements. They are serviceable in one way, and that is, in clearing your premises of every species of filth and vermin, of which they will not leave a vestige. Only, when you receive a visit from them, you must look well to your poultry, goats, or anything you may have of a consumable description, and remove them to some place of security. Nor ought you to attempt to interrupt them in their march, or in any way interfere with them, but allow them free ingress and egress, suffering them to depart when they please. For they come in such armies that to annihilate them is out of the question, and prudence advises not to provoke them to reprisals.

It is painful to know that, notwithstanding the millions a year in money, and the hundreds of lives we sacrifice in a Quixotic attempt to blockade the coast of Africa, the traffic we pay so dearly to impede, is carried on with activity in our very settlement, under the very nose of the authorities. A specimen of it we take from the many here recorded:

A SLAVE TRADER'S TRICK.

A fine vessel, commanded and owned by a man who had been either dismissed, or obliged to volunteer his own dismissal from the navy on account of a crime with which he had been charged, lay in a bight off the coast, intended, there was no doubt, for the conveyance of slaves. It was very well known that the captain was engaged in the forbidden traffic; but he was too wary either to allow himself to be caught in the fact, or to give the slightest chance to the men-of-war who were on the look out for him and his tempting craft. She was boarded and rigorously examined; but it was not intended that so pretty a prize should at that time fall into the hands of our gallant tars. The captain of the vessel was always sufficiently out of the way to avoid painful contingencies; but he did not forget, slave dealer as he was, that generous liberality and open-hearted good nature which are ever ready, and pleased to give of the best of whatever Jack may have. Accordingly he notified, in the most polite manner possible, to Her Majesty's servants, that, notwithstanding it was not in his power personally to attend upon them and do the honours of the table, yet there would be provided for

them of the best of everything he had. The officers found him as good as his word; the table was always laid out in the first style, and supplied with the choicest of wines and most *recherché* of delicacies;—champagne and claret were at their disposal; and the furniture of the table was, in all particulars, equal in quality to the provision. Well, this in itself was an agreeable adventure; but the capture was the thing—it was, too, tantalizing to see that self-condemned craft riding at anchor, yet not tangible; and their host, her captain, doing the gentleman in his cool, easy manner. However, what was to be done? the sequel will explain. Whilst thus cleverly and unsuspectingly engaging the attention and keeping up the expectation of his friends, the men-of-war, the scheming slave dealer was unmoored and successfully in another snug retreat of the land, not very far distant, loading another vessel with his human merchandise.

Upon the whole, these volumes contribute to our knowledge of a locality about which there has been more of romance than reality. Dr. POOLE will do something to make the truth known, and rebuke the vanity that would set up England as the *arbiter morum* of the world. Surely the African Squadron cannot much longer survive the condemnation passed upon it from all quarters!

Across the Atlantic. By the Author of "Sketches of Cantabs." London: Earle. 1851.

IN spite of the author's protestation in his preface, that this is not intended to be a book of travels, but "a series of sketches, or scribblings, or inklings, some of them having America for their groundwork, and all written in America," we must place it in that department of our Journal which records the progress of the very popular branch of literature that bears the title he repudiates. We would do him this service against himself. As sketches or scribblings, his volume would attract little attention; it must put forth a more substantial claim to notice, or it will drop still-born from the press.

And it may fairly aspire to a higher place than is sought by the modesty of the preface. It really contains a great deal of new and interesting information relating to America and the Americans. Numerous as are the travellers who publish their experience of "the States," the subject is far from exhausted. We never seem to weary of pictures of the New World and its people. The truth is, that notwithstanding a little natural jealousy, the result of unavoidable rivalry, we of the old world cannot but look with pride upon the progress of our offspring, nor can we help amusing our imaginations with visions of the maturity of a people who are as yet but in the infancy of a nation, and who begin an existence with physical and intellectual advantages such as never were enjoyed by any people before them. And this huge world, with unlimited space for expansion of numbers and wealth, where nobody who chooses to work needs to be poor, is to be brought within seven days of us, so that all who find it too difficult to live in the old country will be able to transfer their unemployed energies to a fairer field, and yet be no further from their friends than was the dweller in York from his relatives in London not a century since. These and many more considerations, which will readily occur to the reader, have combined to secure a hearty welcome to every book, pleasantly written, that gives glimpses of the New World, and especially when, as in the present instance, it is presented under new aspects, as seen by a visitor of a peculiar temperament, who looks about him for the characteristic, the odd, the grotesque, and the humorous.

The sketchiness of his style is well adapted to the themes he has selected. He does not profess minute detail, nor always, perhaps, a literal adhesion to the fact. His descriptions are true in the main. The outlines and principal features are correct, but he has availed himself of the privilege of "a sketcher" to throw in his accessories, so as to make a pic-

ture. To this we have no objection, for he has fairly warned us of it; but we do regret that he should have employed the machinery of a tale for the purpose of illustrating a phase in American manners, as in "A Man of Letters," the story of an adventurer, who exchanges a connection with the London press for a similar post in America.

But he appears to have written more for the sake of the manner than the matter, inasmuch that we suspect that the chapters were composed for, if they have not actually been published in, a periodical. There is an evident attempt at smartness, often successful, we admit, but which tends to disturb confidence in his accuracy. Where there is an *endeavour* to be brilliant, it is impossible not to suspect that truth is sometimes sacrificed to effect.

A few extracts will illustrate these remarks, and, perhaps, exhibit the author in even a more favourable point of view than we have taken of him in this notice.

This is the aspect of

BOSTON.

I shall, however, take the liberty of remarking that my walks through the streets of Boston, exhibited to me a town rather different from what I had expected. I had looked for a Liverpool, or a Manchester;—I found a city which appeared to me to possess a strong infusion of Brussels. I know the prevailing idea of tourists is that Boston is more like an English town than any other in the States. There seemed to me, however, to be a union of the British and Continental in its exterior aspect; an idea which was, perhaps, fostered by the blue cloudless sky above, and the heat of the atmosphere around, as well as the bright clean aspect of the houses—three features which would not immediately, and of themselves, recall London or Liverpool to the mind. Moreover, the construction of the houses, in some few of the streets, reminds you of France rather than England. So do the green blinds to the windows. So does the way in which the names are written up on the shops—*stores* they call them here—which, being inscribed with gold letters on black boards, and hanging about the windows in all directions (for there is usually a separate business carried on in each story), gives a most picturesque appearance to the houses. So do the awnings in the streets, shading you from the mid-day sun. So do the trees, planted in rows on each side of the way, recalling the Boulevard as it was before the revival of patriotism. So do the forms of the carriages and omnibuses, and the glazed hats of the drivers, and the trappings of the horses, and the horses themselves. So, above all, do the dresses of the inhabitants, which are copied strictly from the latest Parisian fashions—the men, with their straw hats, low-waisted coats, and baggy trousers, and, in many cases, beards and mustachios, ill adapted (it appears to me) to the Anglo-Saxon face—the ladies, with all those indescribable beauties of French *coiffure*, *chaussure*, and *tournure*, which the male sex are not to criticise, but only to admire and to pay for—the children, habited as French children generally are—the workmen, with their blue blouses and fat blue trousers, just, for all the world, reminding you of the workmen's *Quartier*. Verily, if an Englishman were transported to certain parts of Boston, he might for a moment or two, fancy himself in a French or German town.

He would soon be undeceived, too. Firstly, by the cleanliness of everything around him. Secondly, when he came to walk a little further on, by the sight of a good substantial row of red brick houses, banishing from his mind all recollections of continental cities, and replacing them, by certain points of view, in the outskirts of his own metropolis. Through the half-opened windows of these, the private residences of opulent citizens, he would catch glimpses of neatness, of comfort, and of luxury, which would be fraught with a sensation of Baker-street, and the purlieus of the Regent's-park. Open casements would reveal glances of bright mirrors covered with gauze, and chandeliers encased in brown holland, and processions of naked nymphs on the ceiling, and valuable gilt picture-frames containing highly-coloured ancestors, with flowers of every hue, perfuming the air outside from newly-painted balconies. From those abodes, which are not shut up, ravishing female faces would be thrust out, and too soon drawn back again; and even those where the shutters are tightly closed, reflect back a certain sense of snugness and opulence, the supposition being that the families occupying them are, by this time—trying to persuade themselves that they would not rather be at home—at some watering-place.

BARNUM's Museum in New York produces an account of that remarkable personage.

MR. BARNUM.

Barnum is not an ordinary showman. He is not one who will be handed down to posterity only on the strength of the objects which he has exhibited, or the curiosities he has brought to light. He stands alone. Adopting Mr. Emerson's idea, I should say that Barnum is a representative man. He represents the enterprise and energy of his countrymen in the nineteenth century, as Washington represented their resistance to oppression in the century preceding. By "going-ahead" to an extent hitherto unprecedented in his trade, devoid of any absurd delicacy as to the means by which the ends are to be accomplished, he has endeared himself to the middle and lower ranks of his countrymen, and seems to stand forth proud and pre-eminent as their model of a speculator and a man. I firmly believe that there are few commercial people in the United States who would not look upon Barnum as a congenial, though a superior spirit; or, at all events, who do not feel a pride, albeit a secret one, in his exploits.

The rise of this illustrious person, like that of some of his fellows, seems to be veiled in obscurity. Whether he rose to fame on a fabulous griffin, or reached the wished-for goal on the back of an eight-legged horse, must remain matter of conjecture. His more recent exploits are well known. They are, firstly, the discovery of an extraordinary fish (if I remember aright); secondly, the production of a Quaker giant; thirdly, of a giantess to match, who married the giant; fourthly, of an old black woman, either a nurse or an attendant of some sort on General Washington, who related anecdotes of the patriot in his infancy; fifthly, of Tom Thumb; sixthly, of Jenny Lind; seventhly, eighthly, and ninthly, of a giantess and giant boy; some Chinese gentlemen and ladies of high rank, and a negro who has discovered a process of turning his skin from black to white by means of a herb, which process he is now undergoing. Independently of which, I have heard that Mr. Barnum has a third share of some ghosts, who are now showing off their "mysterious rappings" to enthusiastic audiences.

His speculations have succeeded. He has a magnificent country seat in the State of Connecticut, and is in a fair way of becoming one of the wealthiest private individuals in America. His exhibition of TOM THUMB was a fortune for him, and he anticipates a still greater profit from his exhibition of JENNY LIND.

One of his best sketches is that of

A LAW COURT IN AMERICA.

Notwithstanding that I was a little sick of Blackstone and Fearnie, I attended the Court of Common Pleas whilst in New York, thinking that it would furnish me with as favourable a specimen of the superior law courts of the country as I could wish to find. It was a square whitewashed apartment, not much larger than a bar-room at one of the hotels. Under a red canopy, on a bench slightly elevated above the rest, sat the judge, a respectable and intelligent-looking man. An insurance case was going on. A barrister was addressing the jury with much earnestness and gesticulation, and it must be owned, with that sharp nasal twang which is so universally prevalent in this country. Around him sat the members of the bar, some in brown holland blouses, some with huge imperials on their chins, some balancing themselves in their chairs against the railings which divided them from the spectators, and hanging their legs over the backs of other chairs, nearly all intent of getting rid of their saliva, and imprinting the wet seal of the republic on every object in the vicinity. In this national pastime (which is too well known to need further comment), the judge displayed a laudable proficiency. Two gentlemen (apparently reporters) seated at a table to the left of the bench, the jury, and half-a-dozen idle spectators like myself, completed the assemblage. The jury were arranged in two rows, and before each row were placed two spittoons, so that no gentleman had to expectorate a greater distance than past three of his fellow jurymen—a wise precaution, providing against the incapacity of a bad shot.

A glance at such a scene was sufficient to show that there was a total absence of dignity about it. A stranger would, indeed, have sought in vain for the stateliness of a Denman, or the melodious tones of a Thesiger, in an assembly where all appeared to be pretty much on a level (as, perhaps, in a Republic they should be), and you might have mistaken the crier of the court for the judge, and the judge for the crier. But to argue from this circumstance that a fair trial cannot be had in the United States, that the judges are not sound lawyers, and the barristers great advocates, would be a "most lame and impotent conclusion." Where dignity is to be obtained, as it almost always can be in an old and aristocratical country, it is the most fitting attendant

upon impartiality, and in England we happily unite the two. But where the sacrifice of one thing or the other becomes necessary, it would be better to put one's case into the hands of three Texan judges, chewing tobacco in banc, than sit before as many noble inquisitors, robed in purple, and ermine, and gold.

The counsel on the present occasion, for instance, might have what to me was an unpleasant manner. He might make use of his nose rather more freely than either Sir Fitzroy Kelly or Mr. Bethell would have done. But if from that nose fell words of burning eloquence or earnest persuasion, who can quarrel with his employing an organ which, after all, he devoted to so good a purpose? Accordingly, it appeared to me, that the counsel was a man of considerable ability. His language was good, his metaphors often well chosen, and, although I arrived too late in the course of the trial to be made acquainted with all the facts, yet he appeared, as far as I could judge, to place his case (that for the defence) before the jury in the strongest point of view.

The same remark applies to the judge, whose charge was lucid and well worded. The only peculiarity that I remarked was this—that his honour and the jury stood up during the time of its delivery, the spectators and the bar remaining sitting. Surely this is not quite as it should be. For the mind of the judge to be in that perfectly easy and tranquil state so necessary to enable him to call attention to facts and details, his body should be in the most easy position also. His remarks are always—or rather should be always—of a very different character from the impassioned appeals of the advocate, the preacher, or the statesman, who have found that the standing posture is the one best adapted to give effect to their speeches. As to the jury, there is no doubt that we give more earnest attention to a long address when we are sitting down than when we are standing up. These charges must of necessity last, on some occasions, for several hours, and physical is a sure prelude to mental exhaustion.

On the whole I left the court pleased with my first specimen of an American trial; pleased, that is to say, by the seeming intelligence and impartiality of those concerned in it.

The life of a public man in the States must be anything but agreeable. It seems that he is never permitted to be private. This is

THE PLAGUE OF POPULARITY.

The arrival at Newport, while I was there, of Henry Clay, the greatest living orator and statesman on this side of the Atlantic, created a sensation which the Englishman would be at a loss to understand. With us, the cabinet minister or politician who, at the close of the session, retires to his country seat, or pays a visit to a friend, merges, to a certain extent, into a private citizen. He is accessible to those only who are acquainted with him; a few mayors and corporations may annoy him with orations and deputations by the way, but, in general, he is suffered to remain unmolested. Here, on the contrary, a public man becomes public property; go where he will he must be open to all; the tag-rag and bob-tail thrust their cards upon him; Tom, Dick, and Harry seize him by the button hole, and interrogate him as to his political views on such and such a point, what he has been doing in the senate, what is the next measure that he is about to bring forward. This freedom of intercourse springs naturally from the institutions of the country; those who have read anything about the United States must be aware that such is the fact.

Mr. Clay, for instance, laboured for some months at Washington last summer, to bring to a satisfactory solution the great question of the day, that of negro slavery. With this end in view, he brought forward a measure called the Compromise, unhappily defeated by a small majority, but which has been the means of calling forth one of the finest speeches which he has ever delivered. Disappointed, as may naturally be supposed, at the result of his efforts, and anxious to recruit his shattered health, he announced his intention of spending a fortnight at this place, expressing a hope, at the same time, that his privacy would not be intruded upon. How far this wish has been complied with, may be judged from the fact, that at Philadelphia (as I read in the newspapers) an immense mob escorted him from the steamer to his hotel; and, not content with this demonstration, called him out upon the balcony, and insisted on his making a speech. At New York, it was found necessary to have waiters stationed at the door, to keep off the mob, while he was snatching a hurried dinner; here, at Newport, every one called upon him, and people expressed their surprise at the fact of my not being personally acquainted with Mr. Clay, proving any bar to my going in and talking politics with him for half an hour or so. In fact, the reception of Elijah Pogram, as described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, will give but a faint idea of what this really able man is made to endure, at the hands of his admiring countrymen.

Our lady readers will peruse with interest his account of

A BALL ROOM IN AMERICA.

The appearance of a ball-room in America, does not essentially differ from that of one in England. On the present occasion, we were honoured by the presence, not only of our own *belles*, but of the most distinguished beauties from the other hotels, who, by their union, gave rise to the excitement of an agreeable rivalry, each gentleman fixing upon one of the representatives of his own hotel, as decidedly the star of the evening. These ladies, one and all, were habited strictly after the French fashions, which they had taken care to procure straight from Paris, undisfigured by the insertion of an extra flounce, or an English sleeve, on the road. Many of them carried magnificent bouquets, it being the custom, I am told, that a young lady, on the morning preceding the night of an intended ball or party, should be presented with these memorials of their admiration, by the young gentlemen of her acquaintance. This is done with great delicacy, the flowers being left at the door anonymously; and, of course, no young lady ever has the least idea as to who the donor can be. It thus becomes a matter of ambition with the fair sex, as to who can generally exhibit the largest number of these trophies. One lovely girl, indeed, entered the room with the air of Taglioni, after an unusually brilliant *pas seul*, being quite overwhelmed and weighed down with flowers, as if she were sitting in an arbour.

Whilst I was still looking around me, the band struck up a polka of that enlivening nature which causes the feet to go off of their own accord, without pausing to inquire whether the rest of the limbs are disposed to follow. From note to note, and from bar to bar, did that band play, and still not a single couple stood up to dance. There sat every one stiff and erect against the wall, as if it were some solemn rite that we had met to celebrate. At length, after a vast amount of coaxing, and pulling about, and hesitating, and refusing, and such like indications of maiden bashfulness, a couple of young ladies broke the ice by twirling off together. They were followed, after a short interval, by a second and finally by a third couple (both composed of young ladies.) Whilst we were yet employed in watching these adventurous beings, a young man with a very pretty girl—I knew them to be brother and sister—made a feeble attempt at executing the step, but the band at that moment happily leaving off, they were forced to resume their seats, to which they returned through a cross-fire from the indignant eyes of those matrons, who were unaware of the relationship which existed between them. And this being over, a general smile of content pervaded the company, as much as to say, "Is not this exciting?"

Having, by way of politeness, grinned in a ghastly manner, intended to be expressive of my joy, I was so fortunate as to catch sight of an American lady, with whom—from the circumstance of her having resided for many years in England—I knew that I could talk freely on the institutions of her country. Going up, I made bold to ask her why nobody danced? "Oh, you are mistaken," she replied, "wait till the next dance but one, which is to be a quadrille, and then you will see that every one—all the young folks, that is to say—will take part in it."

"But the polka and waltz, madam, does nobody ever join in them?" "Well—yes—sometimes—that is to say, there is a certain party which does."

"Excuse me for asking such a question," said I, seeing that my amiable informant smiled; "but would you forbid your daughter to dance the polka or the waltz?" "Most decidedly."

"You would allow her, however, to take part in a quadrille?" "Oh, yes."

"And in a quadrille only?" "In that only; and you will find that nearly all respectable mothers are of my way of thinking."

Now for a peep into

THE SENATE HOUSE.

The remarkably gentlemanlike and good-looking man, who occupied the chair, was, I perceived, on reference to my plan, Colonel King of Alabama. When the post of President of the Senate became vacant, by the elevation of Mr. Fillmore to a still higher position, the members unanimously elected Colonel King as his successor. He most assuredly does great credit to their choice, for a more polished or urbane man I have seldom seen. The only circumstance which suggested a doubt as to the propriety of the selection, was his youth; he appeared to me, looking from the gallery across the Chamber, to be about two or three and thirty years of age. I should have been nearer the mark, as I was afterwards informed, if I had put him down at sixty-five. So that Palmerstons are not indigenous to England, but grow in other countries of the world.

I was anxious to catch a glimpse of General Cass, believing, as I do, that he is likely to fill the Presiden-

tial chair; and knowing that, if such should be the case, war between England and the United States will be the order of the day. It was not long before he waddled in, and sat at the desk marked with his name. Of course, one naturally expected that so great an enemy to England, would be a man of a most repulsive and fiend-like expression of countenance; Providence, however, does not seem to have acquiesced in this arrangement with regard to the General, but has made him a very fat, affable, good-tempered old gentleman. He gives me the idea, indeed, of an old country squire, who, grown too corpulent for fox hunting, has betaken himself entirely to port. Nor can I picture to myself any situation in which General Cass would look more out of his element, than in a battle.

That great unwieldy man, who is now stepping up to the President's table, to deposit some papers on it, is the notorious Colonel Benton, "the great Missourian," an ornament to the Senate, according to his friends,—but an ornament which, I am happy to say, will be broken off at the next general election.

A very interesting member of the house, and a very rising speaker, is M. Soulé, of Louisiana, a native of Marseilles, in France, who has emigrated to the United States, and obtained a place in the Legislature. He has a strong foreign accent, but expresses himself in English remarkably well. In a "passage of arms" lately, with Henry Clay, he is allowed to have got the better of that veteran orator, having managed to keep his temper (a rare thing for a Frenchman) throughout the debate, while his adversary was not so fortunate.

An enormous mop of gray hair, from which a broad-brimmed straw hat has just been dislodged; two great hands passed, at short intervals, over the aforesaid mop of hair, in order to make it more dishevelled and entangled than before (an impossibility); a red merry good-humoured countenance, that it does one good to contemplate, and a cheerful voice to correspond—these are symptoms indicative of the presence of Judge Butler, the Senator for South Carolina, a man of great learning and erudition, and a leader of the Southern party. I had the good fortune, afterwards, to meet the Judge, at dinner, and can testify to his great social acquirements. His anecdotes of cases that had come before him in his judicial capacity, were among the best things that I have ever heard. Let any one, who wishes to commit a crime, emigrate, in order to stand a chance of being sentenced to death by so goodnatured a judge.

Another eminent senator and orator, and learned judge, is Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, formerly Attorney-General under President Jackson,—a very pleasing and gentlemanly man. Notwithstanding this, on the first occasion that I saw him, I experienced a degree of awe, which would not permit me to feel at ease. This arose from his resemblance to Dr. Hawtreys, of Eton, a divine with whom I have, in my time, enjoyed many interviews of a private nature, in a certain little apartment opening into the upper school-room. At the sight of features which recalled those well-known ones to my view, I was again in the fourth form, "Smith is to stay" reverberated in my ears.

But we might extract thus for many pages more, and leave the volume unexhausted. We recommend those who are pleased with the glimpses of it we have here given, to turn to it for further information.

FICTION.

Bertha; a Romance of the Dark Ages. By WM. BERNARD MAC CABE, Author of "A Catholic History of England." In 3 vols. London: Newby.

LET the lovers of romance rejoice and be glad. In *Bertha* they will have a treat such as they have not found for many a year—not since the extinguishment of the famous *Minerva Press*. Mr. MAC CABE is saturated with the spirit of that generation of fiction. The mantle of MONK LEWIS has descended upon him. He has a genius for the horrible and the mysterious. He revels in fightings, torturings, and murderings: He loves to make his reader's blood creep and hair stand on end. There are almost as many deaths as pages. His chapters are entitled so as to enthrall the gaze of those many persons who require an excitement. "The Battle," "The Knight and the Assassin," "The Plotters and the Listener," "The Treasure Chamber," "The Excommunication," "The Fortress," "The Night Attack," "The King and the Pilgrim," "The Rescue and Recapture," "The Captive and the Jailor," and such like, will convey to our

readers a tolerable notion of the materials provided for their amusement in *Bertha*.

The period in which the story is laid has been judiciously chosen, so as to permit of the widest range for the sport of the imagination, and Mr. MACABE'S studies having been directed to the historical, legendary, and antiquarian lore of the dark ages, he is enabled to clothe his drama in appropriate costume, and present it with the proper accessories, so that a good deal of useful information is to be gathered from it, and upon the whole a fair notion of the times and the people depicted. The author possesses unusual powers of description, so that whatever he presents is vividly brought before the mind, and makes a permanent impression upon the memory.

The plot we leave to our readers to unravel for themselves; but we take one passage having an interest of its own, independently of its context, as a specimen of the historical learning as well as eloquence of description that are found in *Bertha*. It is the narrative of

AN EXCOMMUNICATION.

Thus, when high mass in the great church at Frankfurt had been concluded, were to be seen in the places immediately adjoining the altar, and near to the thrones erected for Henry, his wife, and his mother, none but persons in gorgeous armour, or in costly robes, and all radiant with gold and jewellery, whilst before them sat, in their magnificent pontificals, the bishops of the empire. The upper part of the church shone forth, in the blaze of day, one mass of splendour; and upon that splendour gazed an awe-stricken population, who pressed in a thick crowd together, and who were but the representatives of vast multitudes who thronged in thousands outside, and who waited with impatience to hear whatever might pass, and which it was an utter impossibility for themselves to witness.

The high mass was concluded; but instead of those who had been in prayer during its celebration preparing to depart, a low murmur of excitement ran through the church, when it was seen that the King and all the high dignitaries rose from their knees to resume their seats; and when the church bells were heard ringing forth, not in regular peals, but in harsh, jangled, and disordered sounds, as if announcing that some awful calamity had occurred. The joyous and triumphant swell of the organ was suddenly changed into a wailing and melancholy cry, as the vestry doors were thrown open, and, issuing forth, were seen first, the youthful acolytes in red robes, and then sub-deacons in dark cassocks, deacons in white surplices, priests with their plain chasubles, and the chaplains, in attendance upon the bishop, fully vested as priests. These all came marching forth, two by two—file pouring out after file—and all bearing long white lighted tapers in their hands; and last of all issued forth, with a mitre of pure gold upon his head, and a snow white cape upon his shoulders, the officiating prelate in the ceremony—William, Bishop of Utrecht.

With slow and solemn tread the bishop followed the procession, until he reached the centre of the high altar, the steps of which he ascended; and as he did so, the acolytes, sub-deacons, deacons, and priests, arranged themselves on the steps of the altar, each mounting according to his respective rank—one a step above the other, and the bishop's chaplains ranging themselves at the two extremities of the altar, before which the bishop stood. When all were so arranged, the bishop turned and faced the vast multitude, and as he did so, a sudden paleness overspread his countenance. It came upon him as the wailing of the organ ceased, and as the tumultuous jangling of the bells was silenced.

"My brethren," said the bishop, "the church, when it has determined upon the excommunication of an incorrigible sinner, has also declared that excommunication should take place upon certain days, and at certain seasons—as upon a Thursday—upon an Ascension day—and upon the feast of the Dedication of the Church of the twelve Apostles. It does so, to signify that they who are so excommunicated are cast off from all participation in the blessed Sacrament, instituted first on a Thursday; upon the Ascension day, as showing that the church, which is opened to all the faithful, expels them from its doors. Necessity compels us, upon this occasion, to deviate from these observances; but we have preserved others—the disordered ringing of the bells, and the extinction of the lighted candles—the first, as showing that the bells, which, by their regular peal, convoke Christians to prayer, will, by their irregular chiming, scatter the unbelieving into confusion; and as the light of the candles is extinguished, so shall the light of the Holy Spirit be darkened in their hearts. One portion of these ceremonies has been complied with, and the other you have yet to witness.

"The excommunication of a Christian is a sad and painful duty, and one to which the church never has recourse but in the last sad extremity. It is painful to direct it against the poorest layman in the community—more painful to direct it against a priest; but for me, my brethren, has been reserved the most painful of all duties, that of excommunicating one who ranks as the highest of all bishops.

"Why do I excommunicate him? Because he has acted as a tyrant—because he has sought for favour with the multitude, by thwarting the will of princes—by interfering with them in the government of their dominions—by denying to them the privileges which appertain to them as Sovereigns—by seeking to prevent them from rewarding with the highest offices in the church these servants whom they know to be most devoted to them, and of whose merits they have personal cognizance. Why do I excommunicate him? Because I am but one of the many German bishops that he has visited with his censures, and that he declares to be excommunicated because we will not compel our clergy to live as if they were angels, and not men, and had not the passions of men. He who rejects the majority of the German bishops as unfitted to continue bishops, I, on the part of the German bishops, repudiate as our apostolical superior. He who threatens to excommunicate our King, I now excommunicate.

"Yes—from this spot—from this altar, in the presence of my King, of his nobles, and of the assembled multitude, I, William of Utrecht, here declare that Hildebrand, he who falsely designates himself Pope Gregory VII., is a tyrant, a perjurer, a seeker after novelties, a dishonoured bishop, and adulterate pontiff—a man whose life is stained with manifold sins and unnumbered vices, and renouncing him as a Pope, and denouncing him as a bishop, and scorning him as a man, and from this moment forward declare him to be excommunicated.

"To Hildebrand the false Pope, I now say Anathema! anathema! anathema!"

And as the bishop spoke these words he seized the lighted taper that stood by his side, and dashing it upon the earth, he trampled out the light. That which he did was imitated on the instant by the deacons, sub-deacons, and priests; and as these lights were extinguished, a shriek of horror arose from all parts of the church.

Time, the Avenger. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "The Wilmingtons," &c. In 3 vols. London: Colburn. 1851.

Mrs. MARSH thus prefaces this her latest and best fiction:—"The enterprise I am about to undertake is the most difficult of any one I have as yet attempted, and, possibly, to the mere novel reader, may prove the least interesting and attractive."

And it is not a book for the mere novel reader. It addresses itself to a higher and better class. It appeals to the intellectual, the reflecting, the pious: it has a lofty purpose; it is not to be read and thrown aside and forgotten with the novels of the season, but to be treasured in the library, and perused again and again; to be placed in the hands of children, as a lesson of virtue taught by example; to be a profitable recreation for the oppressed with care and thought; a study for those whose hearts the world has hardened, and a preacher of a more powerful and persuasive sermon than ever was uttered from the pulpit to those who may have never known, or, amid other pursuits, forgotten her "whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all whose paths are peace."

"But as MILTON," she continues, "in the deep seriousness of an earnest mind invoked for aid before he commenced his divine song—not the muses who preside over the fine arts; not the powers of grace and beauty which fascinate the imagination of mankind, but that heavenly influence whose still small voice persuades the reason and strikes the inner heart. So I, in my humble, but, I trust, as honest purpose, invoke the same high power for assistance in the delineation of a yet more mighty work than that of reducing the rude voices of chaos into harmony. The work by which the chaos of the inner soul—its dark contention of warring tempers and undisciplined desires is reduced to order, and the new man, in his beautiful perfection of moral symmetry, issues forth from amid the confused strife of thought and passion, springing into

fresh being under the influences of the great spiritual power, that 'Son of Righteousness,' who hath risen upon the earth 'with healing on his wings.'"

"A mighty task indeed!" she exclaims. But not beyond her powers. Her aspirations were lofty, but she has succeeded in rising to the height of her great argument. The work is done. The mighty task is accomplished.

It will be anticipated from this brief preface that *Time the Avenger* might almost claim the title of a religious novel, but that this name has been so desecrated and dishonoured by the impositions of sectarianism seeking to pass under that name, as to have made it rather a term of reproach than of attraction. But we can say of this, that it is what they have pretended to be; it breathes, from first to last, in every page, the truest spirit of christianity, as taught by CHRIST, and its end and aim is to show, by example, how the faith of the New Testament proclaiming to the world, for the first time, the law of love, can soothe and sustain in sorrow and suffering, make the humblest home happy and out of seeming misery bring forth joy.

Mrs. MARSH'S writing is too well known to our readers to need description or criticism. There are few who have not perused with delight some, at least, of her now numerous novels, and there are still fewer who have read some of them without being tempted to read all. They are pervaded by a true womanly spirit, the tenderness and lovingness of woman's nature, without that weakness which is woman's also, but which must be overcome by those who would achieve independent action, whether in literature or in life.

We do not propose to pursue the history of Mr. CRAIGLETHORPE through his trials and sufferings of mind and body, in adversity and in prosperity, illustrating by his career that without charity—meaning by this term christian love—superiority of intellect, knowledge, and even the gifts of fortune, do not conduce to happiness. That is the lesson which the entire story is written to inculcate. "Love—love to God and love to man. Oh! pregnant idea, including all—peace, goodness, duty, piety, sweet swellings of gratitude, tender meltings of compassion, warm sympathies, exquisite delights, the felicity of the blessed even here!"

Mr. CRAIGLETHORPE embodies a character but too common, from his pride of position in mind and estate looking down with contempt upon the weaknesses, errors and follies, of his fellows creature, making no allowance for circumstances, never sympathizing, never forgiving, and by which he sacrifices that greatest of all joys, the returning of good for ill, the consciousness of kindness towards the feeble and fallen, lifting them up again to hope and energy: he lives a joyless life and dies an unpitied death.

But this, and the many other practical lessons here taught, we must leave to be gathered by a perusal of the work itself, which we cannot hesitate to pronounce as being the most substantially valuable contribution to the highest class of fiction that has been presented to the public for many years.

The Lancashire Witches. A Romance of Pendle Forest. By W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, Esq. In 2 vols. London: Chapman and Hall. 1851. (Cheap Edition.)

The Lancashire Witches is at once an embodiment of Mr. AINSWORTH'S various qualities and defects. It has even more than usual of his dramatic power and his vivid description. To a greater extent than ever does he associate the superstitions, the customs, and even the black arts of the past, with the thoughts and language of the present. The tale is a curious whole—having much to repulse the mind, but more to enthrall it—much that looks like superstition even in the author, and as if he were a believer in, as well as a describer of, the marvellous things which he relates. Yet no reader is dissatisfied with *The Lancashire Witches*. Its excellent writing; the information it conveys of Lancashire, as well local and antiquarian; and the clear but novel insight into the times of James the First which it affords, would compensate for even greater incongruousness than

is to be found in *The Lancashire Witches*. We must admit that it is a fine creation, while we are inclined to carp. In its present cheap form it will be accessible to all.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

A Paper Lantern for Puseyites. By WILL O' THE WISP. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

Portsmouth Lyrics. By ALFRED LEAR HUXFORD and J. ALBERT WAY. Portsmouth: Charpentier. 1850.

Hoosoo, or the Temple Profaned; and other Poems. By RICHARD RABY. London: Richardson and Son. 1850.

Dara, or the Minstrel Prince. An Indian Drama. By Major VETCH. Edinburgh: Hogg. 1850.

THE maxim that misfortunes do not come single holds good in reviewing as in other matters. The reviewer who opens a packet of verse may calculate with tolerable certainty that his patience, tested by the first volume, will be exhausted by the second: and he, in his turn, is glad to pack them up again with all speed, transfer them to the public, and wash his hands of any future concern with the bundle. Such is our case now.

On the title page of the *Paper Lantern for Puseyites*, occur the words "a new edition, revised:" and the occasion (in the author's view) for such re-issue, otherwise obvious enough, comes out palpably in the pithy answer of an *Envoi* as to the possible establishment of Papal power in England:

Each voice responds: Never;
Their chains we will sever:
This shall ne'er be the Romanist's prey.

A satisfactory announcement, which we think WILL O' THE WISP does not mislead us far in making. We hope, for the rest, that he is pleased with his special spot in the quagmire. To such as may feel inclined to follow him throughout his evolutions we can promise that, if they do not find "a burning and a shining light" at their journey's end, they yet will not need to splash themselves with anything much more soiling than milk and water.

Not knowing the circumstances under which their authors have composed *Portsmouth Lyrics*—whether these be first trials, or produced with a struggle against adverse conditions—we can judge them by their proper merits alone, without reference to future likelihoods. As such, we recognise here more ambition than performance. Beyond the commoner range of lyric poetry, the authors do not hesitate to aim at its highest themes,—the "Dream at Bethel, or the inspired agony of the Pythoness;" or (undeterred, though respectful, at the thought of their great prototype,) a supplementary scene to "Pippa Passes." Messrs. HUXFORD and WAY seem well qualified to work together, leaving it doubtful which deserves best of the reader. The idea of "The Broken Ring," by Mr. HUXFORD, is ingenious: while "The One Drop of Water," and "Death," by his coadjutor, are of the volume's best quality.

Mr. RABY has done a kindness to his critics and readers (we name the latter hypothetically), in informing them that the ill success of *Hoosoo, or the Temple Profaned*, will "not be a source to him of poignant disappointment:" which saves us from any compunctious regret in telling him that it is simply remarkably bad. We cannot much qualify the epithet towards any of his effusions: yet they are not of quite the same calibre. Mr. RABY is more at home in familiar sketches of character, such as "Our Vicar and his Curate," and "William Bray,"—level as these are,—than in a style which he may suppose to be epic.

Major VETCH, prefacing *Dara, or the Minstrel Prince*, confides to us the fact that "soon after his arrival in India, about the beginning of the century, he found himself pensively traversing the lately conquered towers of imperial Agra. He could not help thinking

that the spirits of the illustrious departed dynasty of Timur still wandered through their hereditary halls; and all appeared like a poet's morning dream. He read their history; and was grieved to find, &c., but much affected by the annals of the poetic Prince Dara, too good for his time; and felt a desire to wreath for his memory a simple chaplet of English verse." All this it is very pleasant to know: and we are obliged to the Major for next disclaiming "inflated grandiloquence," which we might otherwise have made the mistake of imputing to him. His prologue again takes us by surprise in claiming

"for Dara place amongst the throng
Of Scots renowned in battle-field and song."

Yet there appears to be some colour too for this appropriation of the "Minstrel Prince," when we find Hindoos talk of "the sex," or of being "the Saint entire,"—a phrase evidently adapted from one in extensive use in his British fatherland; or giving vent to such an expletive as "the fiend beshrew me!"

We take leave of Major VETCH, with some demur at conceding to him

"the power that can restore
The deep romance of India's fairy shore:"

but not without seeing a reasonable chance that he may realize his aspiration for Scottish maidens to "wreath Prince Dara's garland," if not "with their own bright heath," yet, more highly favoured, into their beautiful hair—as curl papers.

EDUCATION & CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Happy Evenings; or the Literary Institution at Home. By CLARA LUCAS BALFOUR. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

How often do we hear children exclaiming "What shall I do, mamma?" and see mamma mightily perplexed to provide them with employment which shall amuse without wearying them, and instruct without the form of teaching. Mrs. BALFOUR has designed the little volume before us to enable mammas, thus taxed, to provide pleasant and not unprofitable occupation for family evenings, and thus has contributed a welcome and much needed assistant to the home circle. Her volume consists of a series of conversations, stories, facts, anecdotes, reflections, art and science supposed to be imparted to a family circle by an intelligent parent in a singularly intelligible and agreeable strain.

Papa and Mamma's Easy Lessons in Geography. By ANNA MARIA SARGEANT. London: Dean and Co.

HAVING of late reviewed a great number of geographies professed to be written for children, and found them all wanting in simplicity and intelligibility, we turned with some curiosity to this one, for we were anxious to ascertain whether it was impossible to write a geography which children could understand. We have no doubt about it now. Here is one before us which may be comprehended by any child of ordinary intelligence: not merely is it one of the best, it is by far the best, work of its kind we have ever seen. Geography is taught by means of dialogues, between papa and mamma and their children; the questions are supposed to be put by the latter in their childish fashion, and to be answered by the former in the familiar language and instinctive adaptation of the manner of description to the capacity of the little querist which a mother adopts in real life; and then, to make these simple descriptions still more intelligible, maps and woodcuts illustrate them to the eye, and thus impress them permanently upon the memory through two senses. We heartily recommend it to every school where there are young children, and to every family.

The Ocean Queen, and the Spirit of the Storm. By WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ., London: Bosworth.

A CHRISTMAS BOOK that recommends itself to the givers of Christmas presents by a very pretty fairy tale, the attractions of which are vastly increased by numerous coloured engravings, which will amuse equally those who can and those who cannot read the story. Its exterior is also handsome, and that is an important matter in books of this class.

Christmas Berries for the Young and Good. By the Author of "Spring Flowers," &c. London: Dean and Son.

ANOTHER new little book for little children, containing pretty poetry and pretty tales, printed in great type for the convenience of imperfect readers, and illustrated

with a great many engravings. The preface informs us that it was written for the amusement of a child of six years old, and that the interest she appeared to take in the tales and poems induced their publication. Their only fault is a not sufficiently studied avoidance of long hard words, which it should be the first care of all who write children's books to shun. If we were the publisher of such books we would read the proofs of every sheet, and strike a pen through every hard word we might discover in them.

Silver Blossoms to produce Golden Fruit for the Young and Good. London: Dean and Co.

SIX stories for children, each illustrating some proverb that should be fixed upon the memory. The tales are interesting, and pleasantly told, so as to attract the attention of children—always difficult to be fixed. The book is made attractive to their eyes by many pictures and a handsome binding, so that it is well adapted for a present.

An Introduction to Neo-Hellenic, or Modern Greek. By HENRY CORPE. London: printed for the Author.

THIS little volume contains a Grammar and other instructions for the study of Modern Greek. It appears to be conveniently constructed for the student.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. 6.

NOTWITHSTANDING the talent and usefulness of this series of papers, we believe it is doubtful if they can be continued. Immense as is the circulation, we hear that even now it does not produce a proper reward of the labour and energy and capital expended upon the work. The reason is obvious. The paper duties are an incubus that virtually prohibit the production of good cheap literature. They were the cause of discontinuing the *Tracts of Messrs. CHAMBERS*; they abstracted all profit from Mr. CHARLES KNIGHT'S *Penny Cyclopaedia*; and they are the greatest enemies to progressive education with which we have to contend. It will, indeed, be a sad reflection if so superior an enterprise as that of *Chambers's Papers*, must also be sacrificed to the maw of this great destroyer.

The volume before us is an excellent specimen of the work. There is a continuation of, or pendant to, a paper in Vol. 4, on the "Every-day Life of the Greeks," entitled "The Religion of the Greeks." The tales are "Hermann," and "The Lone Star." A delightful biography is "Heyne," written by one who well understands the sore struggles and gentle resignation of the heart and mind of a true genius. The other papers are "The Microscope and its Marvels," "Pre-Columbian Discovery of America," "Public Libraries," and "Australia and Van Dieman's Land."

Evenings at Donaldson Manor: or, the Christmas Guest. By MARCA J. M'INTOSH. Edited by CECIL HARTLEY, M.A. London: Routledge. 1851.

THIS delightful little volume is from the pen of an American lady, who has attained to great and deserved popularity in her own country, for qualities which will peculiarly recommend her to our people. Her aims are always of the highest. Truly does her English editor observe, "not a tale, not a sketch, not an appeal to the heart or to the mind in any form, does our fair sister commit to paper, that is not pervaded, though unobtrusively, by a strain of the sweetest, gentlest, most cheerful and soul-elevating piety. It is her's at once to soothe, to charm, and to exhilarate." The plan of this work has no novelty:—A party assemble at Donaldson Manor, somewhere in America, but the precise locality the authoress declines to state, amuse their Christmas evenings by narrating stories and anecdotes of life, adventure and character, mingled with occasional discourse of a didactic nature, and some criticism, and the whole is bound together by a slight thread of a story growing out of the position of the various narrators. The tales thus told are very interesting, very beautifully composed, and of very wholesome tendency, and the volume will be a welcome one to readers of all ages: young and old will equally enjoy its perusal.

A Practical Guide to the Law of Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes, for the use of Bankers, Merchants, Traders, and others. By STEWART TOURNAY, Solicitor. London: GROOMBRIDGE.

A SUCCINCT review of a branch of the law, in which every man of business is interested, and upon which he needs a faithful guide. Here he will find it. Mr. TOURNAY has composed his treatise for popular rather than for professional use, and to make it generally intelligible he has made it as untechnical as possible.

Who's Who in 1851. Edited by C. H. OAKES, M.A.
London: Baily.

A USEFUL little book, containing alphabetical lists of those persons in the Great Metropolis who belong to the class of "SOMEBODIES"—the "NORODIES" are excluded. The lists are of the Royal Family and Household, Peers, Commons, Nobility, Judges, Ministers, Colonial Governors, Baronets, Knights, General Officers, Admirals, Queen's Counsel, Serjeants-at-Law, Deans, Archdeacons, Corporation of London, Directors of the Bank and East India Company, Chairmen and Secretaries of the Railways and Assurance Offices, and the London Clubs.

An Essay on the Science of Pronunciation. By an Advocate of Consistency. 25, Paternoster-row. 1850.

THE inflated production of a very vain man. It has some useful hints, but they are spoiled by the egotism and assumption which bury every attempt at criticism that the writer makes.

PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review for January has boldly rushed into the ecclesiastical fray, and in a paper, entitled, "The Battle of the Churches," takes an original and independent view of the controversy now raging. It repudiates the idea of fighting Popery by acts of Parliament, by tests and disqualifications, opposed to the spirit of the times and the whole course of modern legislation and, therefore, impossible to be put in practice, even if it were decreed by the law. It looks for protection to an extension of the Protestant Church by an enlargement of its Protestant basis and the exclusion of Papist elements, and, above all, to the general education of the people, which is certainly the most correct mode of fortifying them against the approaches of superstition. This article is powerfully reasoned and eloquently written, and will be read with profound interest by all men of all parties. The next in interest is a paper on "The Water Supply of the Metropolis," in which, contrary to its policy in all other matters of public concernment, preference is given to supply by private companies rather than by a public Board. It certainly seems to us that of all other commodities water is that which most requires to be secured against monopoly, and most demands the attention of the Government. The particular plans of the Commissioners may not be very feasible, but upon the principle of a public supply opinion appears to be tolerably unanimous. "Ticknor's Spanish Literature" is copiously reviewed: there is a highly laudatory critical essay on "Bayly's Angel World." *The Educational Movements* are treated of with a highly approving notice of the Lancashire, now become the National, Society, which has for its object unsectarian education, in which all may unite. "Continental Prospects" is the title of an essay on the present aspect of European politics; it is hopeful, because reliant upon the irrepressible spirit of humanity, and the entire hostility of science, society, and the thoughts, feelings, manners, and requirements of the time to the despotisms which the potentates of Europe are endeavouring to restore. The attempt can have but one issue—their own overthrow and hopeless confusion. The people will not be again deceived by the promises of princes. The department of Foreign Literature in *The Westminster* is very good. In this number are noticed "Wagner's Journey to Colehis," "Charles's Studies of Men and Manners," "Ochenschläger's Recollections of my Life," and "Confessions of a Soldier," published at Vienna. Some of these we purpose to introduce to our readers, should we be able to find space for them.

The Gentleman's Magazine and Historical Review, for January, a very old friend with a new face, continues to deserve the title it has maintained, for more than a century, as the most accurate collector of facts in England. Besides copious reviews of books, chiefly historical, it contains much antiquarian lore, supplied from original sources, among the most noteworthy of which are Mr. SMITH's "Journal of an Antiquarian Tour on the Rhine," Mr. COOPER's "Barons of London and the Cinque Ports," "The Story of Nell Gwynn," related by Mr. P. CUNNINGHAM. The Obituary is as copious and valuable as ever. This is unique.

We must present to our readers some portions of Mr. Cunningham's extremely interesting "Story of Nell Gwynn," of which the first chapter only is here given.

These were

THE THEATRES IN NELL GWYNN'S TIME.

Not the least striking effect of the restoration of the King was the revival of the English stage. The theatres had been closed and the players silenced for three-and-twenty years, and in that period a new generation had arisen, to whom the entertainments of the stage were known but by name. The theatres revived therefore with becoming splendour, and with every advantage which stage properties, new and improved scenery, and the costliest dresses, could lend to help them forward. But there were other advantages equally new, and of still greater importance, without the aid of which the name of Eleanor Gwynn would in all likelihood never have been known. From the

earliest period of the stage in England till the theatres were silenced at the outbreak of the Civil War female characters had invariably been played by men, and during the same brilliant period of our dramatic history there is but one instance of a sovereign witnessing a performance at a public theatre: Henrietta Maria was present once, and once only at the theatre in the Blackfriars. The plays of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, "which so did take Eliza and our James," were invariably seen by those sovereigns, as afterwards indeed by Charles I., in the halls, banqueting houses, and cockpits attached to their palaces. With the Restoration came women on the stage, and the King and Queen, the Dukes of York and Buckingham, the chief courtiers, and the maids of honour, were among the constant frequenters of the public theatres. Great interest was used at the Restoration for the erection of new theatres in London, but the King, acting it is thought on the advice of Clarendon, who wished to stem at all points the flood of idle gaiety and dissipation, would not allow of more than two—the King's Theatre, under the control of Thomas Killigrew, and the Duke's Theatre (so called in compliment to his brother, the Duke of York), under the direction of Sir William Davenant. Better men for the purpose could not have been chosen. Killigrew was one of the grooms of the bed-chamber to the king, a well known wit at court, and a dramatist himself; and Davenant, who filled the office of Poet Laureate in the household of the king, as he had done before to his father, King Charles I., and been a successful writer for the stage, while Ben Jonson and Massinger were still alive. The two brothers patronised both houses with equal earnestness, and the two patentees vied with each other in catering successfully for the public amusement. The King's Theatre (the stage on which Nell Gwynn performed), or "The Theatre," as it was commonly called, stood in Drury-lane, on the site of the present building, and was the first theatre, as the present is the fourth erected on the site. It was small, with few pretensions to architectural beauty, and was first opened on the 8th of April, 1663, when Nell was a girl of thirteen. The chief entrance was in Little Russell-street, not as now in Brydges-street. The stage was lighted with wax candles, on brass censers or cressets. The pit lay open to the weather for the sake of light, but was subsequently covered in with a glazed cupola, which however only imperfectly protected the audience, so that in stormy weather the house was thrown into disorder, and the people in the pit were fain to rise. The Duke's Theatre, commonly called "The Opera," from the nature of its performances, stood at the back of what is now the Royal College of Surgeons, in Portugal-row, on the south side of Lincoln's-inn-Fields. It was originally a tennis court, and, like its rival, was run up hurriedly to meet the wants of the age. The interior arrangements and accommodation were much the same as at Killigrew's house.

The dresses at both houses were magnificent and costly, but little or no attention was paid to costume. The King, the Queen, the Duke, and several of the richer nobility gave their coronation suits to the actors, and on extraordinary occasions a play was equipped at the expense of the King. Old court dresses were contributed by the gentry, and birth-day suits continued to be presented as late as the reign of George II. The scenery at the Duke's house was superior to the King's, for Davenant, who introduced the opera among us, introduced us at the same time to local and expensive scenery. Battles were no longer represented

With four or five most vile and ragged foils, or coronations by a crown taken from a deal table by a single attendant.

The new tragedies were principally in rhyme. At the first performance of a new comedy ladies seldom attended, or, if at all, in masks, such was the studied indecency of the art of that period.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame, Nor wished for Jonson's art or Shakspeare's flame. Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ— Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.

The performances commenced at three in the afternoon. It was usual therefore to dine beforehand, and when the play was over to adjourn to the Mulberry Garden or Vauxhall, or some other place of public entertainment. The prices of admission were, boxes four shillings, pit two and sixpence, middle gallery eighteen pence, upper gallery one shilling. The ladies in the pit wore vizards or masks. The middle gallery was long the favourite resort of Mr. and Mrs. Pepys.

The upper gallery as at present was attended by the poorest and the noisiest. Servants in livery were admitted as soon as the fifth act commenced.

With the orange-girls (who stood as we have seen in the pit with their back to the stage) the beau about town were accustomed to break their jests, and that the language employed was not of the most delicate description we may gather from the dialogue of Dorimant, in Etherege's comedy of Sir Fopling Flutter. The mistress or superior of the girls was familiarly known as Orange Moll, and filled the same sort of office in the theatre that the mother of the maids occupied at court among the maids of honour. Both Sir William Penn and Pepys would occasionally have "a great deal of discourse" with Orange Moll; and Mrs. Knep the actress, when in want of Pepys, sent Moll to the Clerk of the Acts with the welcome message. To higgie about the price of the fruit was thought beneath the character of a gentleman. "The next step," says the

Young Gallant's Academy, "is to give a turn to the China orange wench and give her her own rate for her oranges (for 'tis below a gentleman to stand haggling like a citizen's wife) and then to present the fairest to the next vizard mask." Pepys, when challenged in the pit for the price of the twelve oranges which the orange woman said he owed her, but which he says was wholly untrue, was not content with denying the debt, "but for quiet bought four shillings worth of oranges from her at sixpence a-piece." This was a high price, but the Clerk of the Acts was true to the direction in the Gallant's Academy.

The Dublin Review, for January, No. LVIII. This, as our readers are probably aware, is the Quarterly Organ of the Roman Catholics, and one of which they have a right to be proud, for it abounds in learning and in eloquence, and is singularly fair and liberal in its tone. A defence of the Pope's appointment of a hierarchy in England is, of course, one of the topics treated of in this number, but it is temperately handled, and, strange to say, very briefly. The other papers of purely literary or political interest are on "Rollin's Decline of England," "The Correspondence of Charles the Fifth," "Poor Law Administration at Home and Abroad," "Northern Literature," and "Merryweather's Glimmerings in the Dark Ages." Three papers are sectarian, treating of Roman Catholic doctrines or history, viz., "Allies on the Primacy," "The Testimony of Grotius and Leibnitz to the Truth of Catholic Doctrines," and "Catholicism a Conservative Principle," addressed to the Puseyite party in the Church.

The Eclectic Review, on the other hand, is the organ of the Protestant Dissenters, and in a powerful article on "The Papal Controversy," points out what are the causes of the undoubted progress which Popery has made of late years, and the means by which it is to be stayed—but intolerance and persecutions are not among them, as we see with great pleasure. All the other papers, with a single exception, are unsectarian, being purely literary or political, as "The Associated Labour Movement," "Knox's Game Birds," "The Wandering Tribes of Central Asia," "Autobiography of Alton Locke," and "The Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge." This Review is now edited by Dr. PRICE and the Rev. W. H. STOWELL, and its price has been reduced almost one-half, without any reduction of size.

Knight's Pictorial Half-Hours, Part VIII., continues to give, for a few pence, a numerous selection from his stores of beautiful wood-cuts, every engraving being accompanied with a short paper, in prose or verse, descriptive of its subject, thus being a reading-book as well as a picture-book. This part contains no less than twenty-eight engravings.

The Imperial Cyclopædia, Part VI.—This new enterprise of Mr. KNIGHT proceeds prosperously. The division now publishing is "The Cyclopædia of the British Empire," and the part before us advances from the word "Cornwall" to "Dorsetshire." It contains three coloured maps and two steel engravings of views in Glasgow, each plate exhibiting nine of the most interesting sights in that city. Almost every article has been revised by residents in the various localities, or supplied from original sources, so that it is the most perfect Gazetteer of the British Empire yet produced.

We have before us two editions of SHAKSPEARE, now in progress. *Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare* is a reprint in a handsome form, and at a very low price, of his world-renowned edition, the part before us containing "King Richard II.," with copious notes and many wood-cuts. The other is edited by Mr. PHELPS, the famous tragedian, who has supplied many notes which could only have suggested themselves to an actor, and are therefore peculiarly valuable. It is also illustrated. The present part contains "The Two Gentlemen of Verona." It is a bold, and we trust will prove a successful, enterprise of Messrs. WILLOUGHBY.

Kitto's Journal of Sacred Literature, for January, No. XIII., is really what it calls itself, a Biblical and Theological Review, and not a Literary Journal, pretending to be a religious one. Its subjects are all appropriate. Nineveh, and its historical remains, are fully and learnedly treated of. "The Jansenists, and their Remnant in Holland," is a curious article, full of interest. "The Septuagint" is the theme of the third paper, and the fourth is on "The Theory of Human Progression," in which this favourite and pleasing hypothesis is reviewed fairly, and in a liberal and enlarged spirit. "John Calvin, his Life and Doctrines," is the subject of another paper, written with great power, and singularly calm and impartial. "First Lessons in Biblical Criticism," will be a valuable aid to the student of Theology; and an Essay on "Our Lord's Discourses and Sayings," and "Annotations on the New Testament," complete a work which forms altogether, perhaps, the most valuable contribution of our time to Sacred Literature.

Leigh Hunt's Journal, for the Cultivation of the Memorable, the Progressive, and the Beautiful, Part I. Who does not remember with pleasure LEIGH HUNT's *London Journal*? This is a revival of it, with considerable improvements, and it is one of the most pleasing and readable of the cheap periodicals. *The Town* is a series of chapters on the localities of London, full of anecdote, and historical and social reminiscences. Each number contains extracts from books, selected with the editor's well known taste: an original novel, beautiful poetry, and papers the general

design of which is the cultivation of the taste. It is æsthetic rather than utilitarian, and the only one of the cheap periodicals that is so. We give to it the heartiest welcome, and cordially commend it to the attention of our readers.

Half-hours with the Best Authors, by C. KNIGHT, Part 10 is the cheap edition of a work which deservedly acquired great popularity, by reason of the sound judgment which was displayed by the editor in selecting from the whole range of literature, home and foreign, the most memorable passages in the works of the greatest authors; one of them being appropriated as a reading for each day of the year. It is a library in itself; and perhaps there is not in the whole world a book containing so many beauties as this one.

Tallis's Illustrated London, Part III., comes most appropriately to the assistance of visitors during the approaching season. It is the most complete work of the kind yet attempted. This number contains no less than twelve views engraved on steel, with descriptive letter-press.

The People's and Howitt's Journal for January, differs from others of the cheap periodicals in giving engravings, of which no less than four are contained in this number, from celebrated pictures. The articles are various in their subjects and merit, many being by popular writers.

The Palladium, No. VII., is a monthly magazine, having some very able pens among its contributors. It comes from Scotland. "The Natural History of the Idler" is clever, and some of the tales are of more than average merit.

Le Follett, Journal du Grand Monde, for January, is a Paris Journal of fashions, published in London. It is translated into English, but the engravings are French, and they are certainly unusually good for such a work. This number contains no less than three large coloured views of the fashions at present prevailing in Paris, and we must say that they are extremely elegant and becoming.

Knight's Cyclopædia of the Industry of all Nations, Part II., is an appropriate contribution to the great event of the present year. It is a dictionary of arts and sciences, very cheap and very carefully compiled, with some illustrative engravings. This part advances as far as the word "Barillas."

Tallis's Dramatic Magazine for January is illustrated with portraits, engraved on steel, of Mrs. WABNER and Mr. COMPTON, accompanied by memoirs of each. There are various original papers on the Drama as it is both in England and America, and by all the patrons of the stage this interesting record of its progress deserves to be patronised.

Knight's Cyclopædia of London, Part II., is a reprint, with some improvements, and at considerably less price, of Mr. KNIGHT's *London*, which has been long out of print. It is, our readers are probably aware, the most complete account we possess of the great metropolis, and as a book for reading, is extremely amusing and curious, besides being very useful as a book of reference.

The British Gazetteer, Part XXI., is the most copious in its details of any ever attempted. Besides the entire statistics of every town and village in Great Britain, it contains a large engraved map of London, and two engravings of scenery. This part almost concludes the letter L., so that its probable length and cost can now be pretty accurately calculated.

The Land we Live In, Part XXXVIII., is devoted to the cathedral cities of Winchester, Salisbury, Southampton and Chichester, of which elaborate descriptions are given, illustrated by numerous woodcuts of uncommon beauty. This has been the most perfect, the most popular, and the cheapest topographical work ever published in England.

The Family Friend, Vol. III., is the completed volume of a periodical that presents a vast amount of well-selected reading, at an extremely trifling price.

The Family Herald for December has its wonted abundance of tales, essays and miscellanies, with its very amusing and original answers to correspondents.

ASSURANCE.

THE working classes are known to derive great advantages from their Benefit Societies. By them are they enabled to make provision in health for the day of sickness, and the time of death.

The experience of those Societies has produced a tolerably accurate estimate of the average amount of sickness in every year during a man's life, and thus have been calculated the tables by which it is found that, on payment of a small subscription during health, subsistence may be provided for during sickness.

But this great advantage has not yet been extended to the classes above the working classes, although equally dependant upon their own personal exertions, and, consequently, upon health for the support of themselves and their families. The tradesman, the surgeon, the schoolmaster, the attorney, the barrister,

and many others, often find themselves reduced to destitution by bodily infirmity.

There is no reason why the same principle of Assurance that secures the working man against the losses occasioned by sickness should not secure those other classes also, who equally require it.

Of course, as the requisite allowance must be greater, so must be the subscription; and as the test of incapacity is more difficult to ascertain, so must the proof be more stringent. A different machinery is required for carrying it out. It can only be well done by an Assurance Company, of the business of which, indeed, it is properly a branch.

The *Law Property Assurance and Trust Society* has made this a portion of its plan. It will engage to assure a temporary provision for positive incapacity by sickness, and a permanent provision in case of permanent disability, as blindness, paralysis, mental incapacity, and so forth.

This may be combined with Life Assurance, so as to secure also a provision for the family after death.

It is scarcely necessary to explain the advantages of this to all persons above the working class, who cannot have the advantages of a Benefit Society. To all professional men, whose incomes depend upon their personal labour, and which go when they are incapacitated, it will be an inestimable boon, and to none more than to the medical men.

The advertisement in another page will inform the reader, who may deem the subject to be worth further inquiry, where he may apply, and what other of the plans of the Society for the extension of the principle of Assurance to Property as well as Life will promote his well being and facilitate his affairs—especially that for the *Redemption of Mortgages and Loans*, and the conversion of *Leaseholds* into the value and security of *Freeholds*.—[Advertisement.]

MUSIC.

Musical and Dramatic Chit Chat.

MISS CATHERINE HAYES does not intend to go to America till next autumn. She will sing during the coming season in London.—Jenny Lind is now at Baltimore, where one Mr. Whitehurst, a daguerreotypist, gave 100 dollars for a first choice of seats. Her concert on the 9th December produced about 3,000*l.* sterling.—It is said that Messrs. Bunn and Balfe have completed a new opera, with an eye to Drury Lane becoming a musical theatre, and falling under the former gentleman's management.—*The Morning Post* states that a new opera, composed by M. Strakosch, in which Mdlle. Parodi will take the principal part, is about to be produced at New York.—Mr. W. H. Holmes, the accomplished pianist and composer for the piano-forte, gave on Saturday week, at his residence in Beaumont-street, Marylebone, his first *matinée musicale*. We were happy to see it well attended.—Herr Ernst is in England,—being engaged for a concert-giving tour in the provinces, in which he will be accompanied by Mdlle. Angri, Signor Salvatore Tamburini, and M. Stockhausen.—We are glad to perceive that Herr Ernst has undertaken again to lead the Beethoven Quartetts.—The first Soiree of the Printers' Dramatic Society was held on Saturday evening last at Anderson's Hotel, and was attended by about seventy persons (including a fair proportion of ladies), chiefly in connection with the printing profession.—The taste for private theatricals appears to be spreading among all classes of the community. The example of Windsor Castle has excited dramatic emulation not only in the old baronial halls of Knebworth and Woburn Abbey, but in quarters which are generally supposed to lie too remote to be acted on by any such influence.

At the Italian Opera in Paris, a brilliant audience assembled to witness the *débuts* of M. Colini and M. Scapini, in addition to the attraction of Madame Sonntag, in Donizetti's beautiful—though, for some unaccountable reason, scarcely appreciated—opera of *Linda di Chamouni*.—*The Gazette Musicale* announces that MM. Halévy and Scribe's newest opera, *La Dame de Pique*, is a success for author, singers, and composer. The latter is said to have entirely modified his style to suit the locality where the scene of his drama is laid, which is Russia.—It is rumoured in Paris, that Mdlle. Rachel has applied to the Theatre Français for a *congé* of fifteen months, an offer having been made to her by Mr. Mitchell of 800,000 francs for this *congé*. Mdlle. Rachel to be at his disposal during the time for theatrical speculation at St. Petersburg and other places.—After many years of ultra-montane practice, Signor

Ivanoff has re-appeared at the Italian Opera of Paris. In the *Journal des Débats*, M. Delécluze commends him as singing with increased power of voice, and with increase, too, of art. It is difficult to make out by the collation and balancing of criticisms whether Signor Colini, the new baritone, has succeeded or not.—*The Dramatic and Musical Review* reports that a new opera, by M. Thalberg, will be brought out at Her Majesty's Theatre by Mr. Lumley early in the season.

—Who shall count upon a public? *King René's Daughter*, of which two translations have been played here with great success, with Mrs. Charles Kean and Mrs. Stirling as representatives of the heroine, has met with such utter condemnation in Paris, that the curtain was forced to descend in the middle of the second act—and this, too, with Rose Cheri, the darling of the public, and the most enchanting of actresses, playing the heroine!

A foreign paragraph or two gives us a glimpse of the newspaper and theatrical world of Brussels:—"The journals of Brussels having displeased the directors of the Theatres Royal, the following 'Notice' was posted on the dead walls, in the shape of huge printed placards:—"The direction of the Theatres Royal has the honour to inform the public that notwithstanding its desire to fulfil its administrative duties, it is not able to prevent the systematic opposition of certain organs of the press. It will therefore rely henceforth on the public conscience to appreciate its acts, and will redouble its efforts to maintain the Royal Theatres in the rank they ought to occupy. It has accordingly resolved, from the 6th of September, to withdraw—

From M. Perrot, of the *Indépendance*, fifteen free admissions which he had to the Royal Theatres of the annual value of . . . £360 or 9,000*l.*
From M. Deschamps, of the *Munkenen*, two entries, of the annual value of . . . 48—1,200*l.*
From M. Delentrie, of the *Observateur*, eight entries, value . . . 192—4,800*l.*
From M. Hauman, of the *Politique*, five entries, value . . . 120—3,000*l.*
£720 or 18,000*l.*

The direction ventures to hope that the public will be able to form an opinion as to the motive and the real value of the attacks of these gentlemen. This notice was printed also on the play-bills, and has afforded great amusement to the uninitiated. The journalists, after administering to the managers several severe castigations, have cited them before the tribunal, to obtain a contradiction of the placards, and heavy damages, 'for the injuries they have sustained.'

ART JOURNAL.

The Art Journal for January.—This first part of the new volume contains the continuation of "the Vernon Gallery," the pictures selected for engravings in this number being LANDSEER'S *Death of the Stag*, and WITHERINGTON'S *Crown of Hops*, the latter being the best engraving of the two. It commences a series of papers on "The Great Masters of Art," intended to describe their works, opening with REMBRANDT, of whom a portrait is given, with small woodcuts in the text of no less than five of his great pictures, and this is to be continued. Another promising series here begun is on "The Domestic Manners of the English in the Middle Ages," which is to be profusely illustrated. GIBSON'S "Bas-relief Monument to the Memory of the Countess of LEICESTER," is exquisitely engraved by BAKER. "The Costumes of various Epochs," is a curious and appropriate subject, now being treated of, with woodcuts, exhibiting the changes and peculiarities of dress. Mrs. S. C. HALL contributes a pleasant narrative of "A Morning with Moritz Retzsch," of whom a portrait is given. "The Dictionary of Terms of Art," also illustrated copiously, is continued. Then we have a collection of "Original Designs for Furniture," four large woodcuts, "Examples of German Artists" from famous pictures, and, lastly, a beautifully coloured print of E. LANDSEER'S *Hawking Party*. Independently of the engravings, which are worth far more than the price of the work in which they appear, *The Art Journal* is a complete record of the progress of art at home and abroad.

Two scraps from Mrs. HALL'S *Reminiscences of RETZSCH* are worth preserving:

PETZSCH.

"His whole appearance recalled Cuvier to us so forcibly, that we instantly murmured the name of the great naturalist; but when his clear wild blue eyes beamed their welcome, and his lips parted into a smile to give it words, we were even more strongly reminded of Professor Wilson; in each, a large well-developed head, masculine features, a broad and high forehead, a mouth strongly expressive of a combination of generosity and force, bespoke the careful thinker and acute observer; and in both, the hair—'sable silvered,' seemed to have been left to the wild luxuriance of nature."

PETZSCH'S ALBUM.

"Some gallant husbands pen a sonnet to a wife on

birthday, or the anniversary of her marriage, but Moritz Retzsch sketches his birthday ode, in which the beauty and worth of his cherished wife, his own tenderness and happiness, their mingled hopes and prayers, are pencilled in forms the most poetic and expressive. From year to year these designs have enriched the album of Madame Retzsch; and never was a more noble tribute laid at the feet of any lady-love, even in the times of old romance! It would be impossible to describe the variety or character of these 'fancies'—religious truths, moral precepts, Miltonic essays, lyrics as brilliant as those which for half a century have shed a halo round the name of Moore—mysterious 'bits'—which could illustrate Spenser; passages, as true as ever Shakespeare penned, were scattered in rich profusion through this wizard-book, the initial at one corner, the date at the other; some dates long gone by, others, more recent, although the later drawings were as eloquent, as original, as full of power, as the early produce of his vigorous and brilliant manhood."

The following is from Dr. WAAGEN's contribution:

RAPHAEL.

"The little town of Urbino, in which he first saw the light, on Good Friday, May the 28th, in the year 1483, crowns the summit of a high hill, and is celebrated as much for its pure, healthy air, and the fine, noble physiognomy of its inhabitants, as for the grand and romantic character of the surrounding country. One remarkable peculiarity in the latter feature is the view that is obtained on the east, between the lofty and partly barren hills around, of the smooth surface of the Adriatic, several miles distant. The impression produced by the combined effect of the two grandest objects in nature, mountains and sea, upon the peculiarly susceptible mind of Raphael, when a child, was deep and lasting; and as a proof of this, we observe in the background of many of his landscapes, in which he has repeatedly introduced these effects—on either side chains of mountains, parted in the distance by the sea, which closes the horizon. In like manner the local physiognomy of the people was so imprinted on his mind, that during my visit to Urbino I observed many features which seemed the very types of his earlier pictures."

Talk of the Studios.

THE marble arch is destined, we believe, to form the entrance into Hyde-park from Oxford-street, at Camberland-gate.—Just previous to the illness of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, he sat for his portrait to Mr. G. P. Green, of Upper Gower-street, for the Foundling Hospital, of which charity his Royal Highness was president for twenty-three years. The portrait, which is an admirable likeness, is now added to the other artistical treasures of that establishment.—The very valuable and interesting collection of prints formed with great judgment by Mr. Mauberley will, it is said, be submitted to public competition early in the ensuing spring. In it will be found the choicest specimens of etchings from the hands of Albert Durer, Marc Antonio, and Rembrandt, in the finest and most varied states.—The Edinburgh Committee for procuring the erection of a monument to the memory of the late Lord Jeffrey, have decided that it shall take the form of a work of sculpture. It will probably be a statue for the Parliament House. The subscriptions at present amount to 2,200*l*.—We read in the *Builder's Circular*, that among the next improvements in Pall Mall is to be an enlargement and change in the exterior of the Ordnance-office. A new wing is already commenced: two houses having been taken down for the purpose. The design is plain Italian; the walls being faced with white brick and dressed with stone. The new wing will contain sixty additional rooms. At some future time a new wing may be added on the other side, so as to make the whole edifice uniform.—Mr. Hogarth, of the Haymarket, has opened a new exhibition. Most of our readers are no doubt aware that some of our principal artists have formed themselves into what they call a Sketching Society. They meet together on certain occasions, and sketch on themes chosen on the moment. Each sketch must be completed within three hours, so that the powers of the artist, as an inventor, are taxed to the utmost. The great interest of these sketches consists, generally speaking, in their representing so faithfully the peculiar artistic idiosyncrasy of each painter. The thought is instantaneously communicated, and the prevalent method and manner betrayed. Last year this exhibition consisted, mainly, of designs made by all upon one given theme, and it was very amusing to observe the efforts made by the invention of the artists to give a rendering of the same subject, sometimes in the serious, sometimes in the comic vein. This year, the sketches have more the appearance of studies; but they are not, therefore, the less interesting. Among the principal artists whose sketches go to fill the room, are Messrs. E. A. and J. J. Chalon, R.A.; C. R. Leslie, R.A.; C. Stanfield, R.A.; and T. Uwins, R.A.—The *New York Literary World* brings us a batch of gossip about transatlantic art and artists.—Mr. Ebinger, the artist of the illustrations of Hood's *Song*

of the *Shirt*, is about to publish a series of outlines of Irving's Dutch tale, in *Bracebridge Hall*, of Dolph Heyliger.—An engraving from a painting by Woodville, which has not yet reached this country, is in preparation by Goupil & Co., in Paris. The subject is a politician's scene in a New York oyster cellar.—Jenny Lind's departure from Liverpool in the steamer *Atlantic*, has been commemorated by an English painter, Mr. Samuel Walters, "the marine artist." The monster steamer is represented at the juncture when parting from the tender, which was crowded by those who had assembled to give a parting salutation to the fair songstress, who was standing on the paddle-box of *The Atlantic*, and waving her handkerchief in acknowledgment of the manifestations by which she was surrounded. It is valued at seventy guineas, and is to be disposed of by lottery.—Of the value of Delaroche's reproductions, of which we noted a recent example in his "Napoleon Crossing the Alps," time and reputation taken into account, we have an instance in the sale of that artist's new painting of "Cromwell viewing the Dead Body of Charles I." The original, executed some fifteen years ago, was sold by the artist for fifteen hundred francs. The recent duplicate found a ready purchaser at a price exceeding one thousand pounds!—The *Western Art Union*, we learn, has already received about 3,000 subscriptions. This is more than double the number of last year at the close of the lists. This large increase may be mainly attributed to the acquisition of the "Greek Slave," which shows very plainly that one great prize conduces more to swell the subscriptions than smaller ones of even increased amount. The distribution of this Art-Union has been postponed to about the middle of January, on account of the prevalence of the cholera at the west, which retarded the operations of the society for several months.

The Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists opened last week at the Palais National, and during the whole day, up to four o'clock, the ground floor of the building, devoted for the purpose, was filled with a dense crowd.

The statue of Liberty, which gained the first prize in 1848, and which is the work of M. Soutex, was placed by the jury in the centre of the great room of the Exhibition of the Works of Living Artists precious to its opening. On Saturday the police entered and carried away the statue. The jury of artists have drawn up a formal protest.

We string together a few notes from Rome. The art-city is rapidly filling with visitors. The native nobles have again opened their fine old palaces for weekly receptions. The arts generally are said to be flourishing—and the coming season promises to be one of unusual activity. Herr Wolff, the German sculptor, has finished a grand emblematic figure of Paris, of which report speaks in terms of high praise. The four statues of the same artist personifying the Seasons have been purchased by an Englishman. Mr. Gibson is commencing his statue of Sir Robert Peel; and a Victoria enthroned between Justice and Clemency—a group intended to be placed in the House of Lords.—The celebrated Prussian sculptor, Wolff, who is well known in England from having executed, besides many classic groups, some busts of the Royal Family, and a statue of Prince Albert as a Greek warrior, has just completed an exquisite figure of Paris. His four statues, personifying the Seasons, have been purchased by an English amateur. Mr. Gibson is commencing the models of two very important works—Queen Victoria on her throne between two allegorical figures, representing Justice and Clemency, for the House of Lords; and the colossal statue of Sir Robert Peel.—The artists and artisans of Munich have made a present to King Louis of Bavaria, as a lasting sign of their gratitude and acknowledgment of his merits in the cultivation of the fine and industrial arts. The present of the artists is an album, twenty-six inches wide, twenty inches high, and seven and a half inches thick; it is bound in dark red velvet, and decorated with clasps, ornaments, and basso-reliefs, in gilded bronze, in the Gothic style of the fifteenth century. In the middle of the cover is a large medallion encircled with brilliants, and filled with a basso-relievo, representing the King surrounded by his artists. The interior contains a collection of 177 drawings, water colours, and oil paintings, executed by artists in Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Dusseldorf, Stuttgart, &c., so that the Album, indeed, appears as a present of all the German artists.—The *Art Journal* states that "In Heidelberg's house, at Nuremberg, we had seen wreaths of ivy growing round the window curtains in a peculiarly graceful manner; and at Berlin, in the costly and beautiful dwelling of the admirable sculptor Wichmann, the door leading from the dining to the billiard room—where Mendelssohn delighted to play while Jenny Lind sat by and sang, enjoying, as she always does, the enjoyment of others—that door is trellised with ivy, the trellis being formed of light bamboo, and the foliage contrasting charmingly with the colour of the trellis. The dust of our carpets, perhaps, prevents the introduction of this charming ornament generally into our rooms; but it is difficult to conceive how much this simple loan from nature may be made to enrich the interiors of our dwellings."

EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART. GALLERY OF THE OLD SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

A LARGE number of these drawings and sketches are direct from the private portfolios of the artists; and, being intended for use by themselves alone, are doubly interesting as memorials of progress, and by being the transcripts from nature, which have afterwards been seen in other forms in more conspicuous situations. There is less, we think, to reprobate than usual in Water Colour Exhibitions. To begin with

No. 3.—*Studies from Nature*, by G. E. HERING. Two delightful little sketches; the sky of the upper one is one of the most exquisite pieces of truth from nature we have seen, and the foreground, though with little apparent effort, is what we seldom get, even in water colour.

5.—*Sketch of a Child at Rome*, by EARL COMPTON. This is, indeed, put forward as an exhibition of sketches, but the propriety of sending such trifles as this is questionable.

8.—*The Old Bridge, Warwick*, by E. NEIMAN. There is a heavy blackness about this work very displeasing, exceedingly improbable in nature; so much so, as to cause a doubt of this being a transcript at all.

9.—Two sketches from *Woodstock*, by C. LANDSEER, R.A. About these are qualities of drawing, colour, and perceptive delicacy, not by any means evinced by the other latter works of the artist; on the whole, however, they are exceedingly commonplace.

12.—*Reduced from Better Days*, by O. OAKLEY. There is a basket of flowers in the background of this which is pleasant to look upon. The heads of the figures are very ordinary; that of the man reminds us of our old friend *The Woodman*.

13.—*A Shady Grove*, by J. D. HARDING. It is almost heresy with some to doubt this painter's work; but still we think a little hot colour might be spared from this drawing.

11.—*Sion Hill. Under River, near Seven-oaks*, by S. PALMER. A very perfect sketch of a beautiful bit of English scenery; the hill-side very fine; perhaps the horizon a trifle too decided in blueness.

21.—*Study on Hampstead Heath*, by C. R. STANLEY. An ordinary locality, nicely sketched.

22, 30.—*Fruit*. There is a greater softness about these paintings than LANCE is accustomed to present us with.

26, 32.—*Twelfth Night. As You Like It*, by KENNY MEADOWS. How a society of artists can permit such works as these to remain on their walls surprises us; the productions of a drawing master at a preparatory school show more knowledge of art than what Mr. KENNY MEADOWS exposes here.

34.—*Reflection*, by A. ELMORE. A female head of great beauty, very sweet and tender in colour; should have been finished.

40.—*Beatrice*, by A. ELMORE. Wants liveliness: a mere posture study.

50, 57.—*Studies*, by DAVID ROBERTS, R.A. A very true effect: great judgment and breadth pervade these sketches.

66.—*Ennui*, by E. H. CORBOULD. The complexion of this lady would suggest that she suffered from something more distressing than ennui; but Mr. CORBOULD ought not to be criticised for faults in flesh-colour.

68.—*Bay of Tobermory, Argyleshire*, by R. R. McLAN. Excellently true: a very carefully wrought study of nature.

76.—*On Brighton Beach*, by C. DAVIDSON. One of the finest coast sketches we have seen, the sky perfect,—well worthy of observation from its great variety of colour.

122.—The example of this might be recommended to artists: perfect geological studies.

127.—*Penmacho Mill, Falls of the Conoway*, by C. BENTLEY. Brilliant, powerful, true: the sky most exquisite, the warm colour to the right of picture we think faulty, appearing to represent heat without light.

133.—*Landscape—Sketch*, by W. D. KENNEDY. Looking into its dark intensity, this grows upon us like nature itself.

140.—*Evening*, by W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. An exquisite painting, of happy effect, though a little too hot in the foreground.

144.—*Alexander's Feast*, a sketch for a fresco, by JOHN TENNIEL. How long fresco is to be exposed to such condemnation as this infers, we know not. If vile, wooden, academical, laborious drawing, without feeling or knowledge, if personal ugliness, a perfect disregard of proportion, fearful to contemplate, are essential to works in fresco, as this asserts them to be, the longer the revival of that branch of art is deferred the better, in our opinion. There is no excuse for the faults of this work; it is laborious without feeling, and learned without thought. The slang phrase of the studios, "wooden," expresses its general qualities better than any other we can select.

147.—*The Golden Age*, by G. PATTEN, A. R.A. A remnant of an ancient school, which we thought extinct with ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

159.—*The Monks of Old*, by J. ZEITLER. We hoped that the last of these kind of sketches had made its appearance when we left a juvenile "sketching club," as it was called. Really, if the artist will condescend to reason, to think only for a moment of what he has

done, we are certain this, with many other of the same kind, the artist we are positive, possesses will find its way into the fire.

162.—*Arignon*, by C. R. STANLEY. Very clear, fine tones in the sky, the excellence of which we have had occasion to notice before in this exhibition.

181.—*A Study from Nature*, by C. LUCY. To those who do not shrink from a painful observation, this study (which it is, in the proper sense of the word) of the head of Mrs. Claypole, in the picture of her death, at the Royal Academy, last year, will be a lesson of the thought and power to be spent on such an object. It is decidedly the great work of the room; emphatically the work of an artist. There seems to hang on the loosened hair death-damp, and it is itself relaxing by death. The eyes are stolid and glazing, lightless and lifeless.

190.—*A Study*, by A. COOPER, R. A. This is a rude study in Mr. COOPER's usual style; perhaps a little worse than anything we have seen of his before.

196.—*Jesus of Nazareth*, by E. H. CORBOULD. Thereafter may have had left at his door by an itinerant vendor of pious publications a pamphlet of the "Life of Christ," the frontispiece to which is designated "Redeemer," according to his notion of the merits of which will his judgment of this be made. We can only say, that it is without expression, indeed, senseless, without what is considered requisite in heads—drawing, and one of the weakest of the artist's works we ever saw.

198.—*The Secret progress of the Reformation. Sketch for a Picture*, by JAMES GODWIN. A very fine subject, and, for a sketch, carefully thought of; somewhat glaring and rank in colour.

199.—*Study on the East Lynn, Devon*, by C. BRANWHITE. We have better sketches of Mr. BRANWHITE's than this, but still it possesses merits few in the rooms share.

213.—*The Appointment*, by S. J. PITTAR. A young lady with her finger at the corner of her mouth; nothing but the strictest regard to our word would induce us to go to the meeting.

217.—*Furniture in the Brown Gallery at Knoll*. Very nice sketches, and carefully made.

230.—This is a sketch by Mr. FRANK STONE.

242.—*A Nest of Weeds*, by R. REDGRAVE, A. R. A. A capital true morsel of nature, such as this painter can produce in landscape; we only wish he would confine himself to them.

We have not noticed the sketches for the designs of pictures already exhibited, of which there are many here from Messrs. REDGRAVE, EGG, FRITH, F. R. PICKERSGILL, E. M. WARD, ROBERTS, &c., because we think they scarcely admit of criticism, but those who are curious in such matters will find the sketches for several of the latter works of the first named artist. Scenes from *Asmodeus*, *Katherine and Petruchio*; of the second, *The Coming of Age*, *Old English Merry-Making*, *The Village Pastor*, of the third; and several of the ideas of the others, besides many by less known men.

DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS NOW OPEN IN LONDON.

DRURY LANE, Brydges-street.—Drama. Every night at 7. HAYMARKET THEATRE.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 5s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 3s.; gallery, 1s.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE, Oxford-street.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 3s.; second circle, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

LYCEUM THEATRE, Wellington-street North, Strand.—Every night at seven. Prices: dress circle, 4s.; upper boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

OLYMPIC THEATRE, Wych-street.—Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

SURREY THEATRE, St. George's Circus, Blackfriars-road, Drama; every night, at seven. Prices: first circle, 4s.; second circle, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery 1s.

ADELPHI THEATRE, Strand.—Every night, at seven. Prices: stalls, 5s.; boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, New River Head.—Drama every night, at seven. Prices: boxes, 2s.; pit, 1s.; gallery, 6d.

ASTLEY'S ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, Westminster-bridge Road.—Every night at seven. Prices: boxes, 4s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s.; upper gallery, 6d.

COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park.—Panoramas and varieties. Open from 10½ to 3, and from 7 to 10½: admission 2s.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA, Leicester Square.—Day, 10, to dusk. Price: 1s. each.

DIORAMA, Regent's Park.—Open from 10, to dusk: admission 2s.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Regent-street North.—Open from 10 to 5, and from 7 till 10: admission 1s.

PANORAMA OF THE NILE, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

PHILLIPS'S LITERARY, VOCAL, AND SCENIC ENTERTAINMENT, including Dioramas, &c. Daily at 3 and at 8 o'clock. Prices: 1s. and 2s. for reserved seats. (St. Martin's-lane.)

FREE EXHIBITIONS OF THE INVENTIONS OF THE YEARS 1850—51. Daily. John-street, Adelphi.

EXHIBITION OF MODERN BRITISH ART.—Old Water Colour Society. Daily. Price: 1s.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION OF WATER COLOUR DRAWINGS AND SKETCHES IN OILS. Daily. Admission, 1s.

DIORAMA OF AUSTRALIA, Western Institution, Leicester-square (west side.)

DIORAMA OF THE GANGES, Portland Gallery, 316, Regent-street, Langham-place.

Most of the theatres are reposing on the fame of their Christmas achievements. Never was there a season in which pantomime reigned so supreme, or in which it became so popular.

At DRURY-LANE the juvenile nights have commenced. On Tuesday, for the first time, *Harlequin and Humpty Dumpty* took precedence, and was followed by *Rob Roy Macgregor*. Mr. ANDERSON has been appearing in some of his most popular characters—even *Claude Melnotte*, his finest impersonation, not being omitted. A *debutant* (Mr. BENNETT), has been heartily welcomed by large audiences. His perfect knowledge of stage appliances rather put one off guard. But we do not know that we have seen such a *Falstaff* as his in a *debutant*—so accordant with renewed versions, and yet so thoroughly original in the colouring he gives it. He promises to be a fortunate addition to Mr. ANDERSON's company. A new comedy is nearly ready for production.

THE HAYMARKET has been the scene of great success. Such a *host* as Mr. MACREADY, and in his *final* appearances, could not fail to draw. On Tuesday he appeared in *Werner*, Mr. DAVENPORT taking the part of *Ulric*. We are glad to see this improving and rising actor so heartily appreciated by the management. The Christmas extravaganza continues to be as much applauded by large audiences as on the first night of its performance.

THE LYCEUM still bears off the palm for variety and elegance of entertainment. Crowds are disappointed of admission nightly, so great and deserved is the fame of *King Charming*. To our country friends we would say that it is worth a special visit to London. So beautiful a compilation and blending of all the arts was never witnessed on any stage before. All who have seen this extravaganza will know that we say this without exaggeration.

THE PRINCESS'S finds plenty of attraction in *The Templar* and the pantomime, *Alonso*, and they are likely to have a still longer run.

THE ADELPHI glories in a new drama entitled *Belphegor the Mountebank*. It is from the French, but adapted, of course, to the English views and Adelphi tastes. We have not seen the performance, but the morning journals describe the success as "immense." We need hardly say it is full of Adelphi hits. It has afforded an opportunity for the re-appearance of Mr. B. WEBSTER.

THE OLYMPIC also came out with a new piece on Monday, which, of course, we have not seen. The public have pronounced favourably, and the drama is to be repeated nightly. We shall take an early opportunity of stating what we think of it. The title is, *All that Glitters is not Gold*. The Christmas piece, *The Romance of the Nose*, has a full share of nightly support.

At SADLER'S WELLS, *The Duchess of Malfi* has reigned triumphant, and the allusions and delusions of the pantomime have held ground. And if *Harlequin and the House that Jack Built* in 1851 be not the finest piece of art of all the Christmas pieces, it at least teems with the smartest dialogue—the boldest hits at the events and eccentricities of the present, and the most laughable anticipations of what are expected in the future.

M. ROBIN'S SOIREE'S FANTASTIQUE are nightly thronged by distinguished audiences. More complete *diablerie* than his we never beheld.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

THE original MS. of Waverley has been presented to the Advocates' Library at Edinburgh, by Mr. James Hall, brother of the late Captain Basil Hall, who paid forty guineas for it in 1831.—Mr. James having exhausted the language in giving titles to his numerous productions, is now publishing "A Story without a Name."—In France the dearth of new books is surprising, but the ever-active, ever-welcome Dumas is, of course, keeping up even with his insatiable readers.

A journalist, Edmund Texier, has written a little work, *L'Histoire des Journaux, ou Biographie des Journalistes*, which appears to be piquant.—Miss E. A. Dupuy, the author of "The Conspirator," has in preparation a new tale to be entitled "Trials and Triumph."—A book of European travels from the pen of G. W. Curtis, of New York, may shortly be expected from the press of the Harpers.—The new edition of the Writings of Daniel Webster, to comprise his various political speeches, diplomatic correspondence, speeches at the bar, orations, &c., will extend to six or seven octavo volumes. It will be an important contribution to our national and historical literature.—*The Leader* gives a version of its own of the object of Lamartine's late visit to London:—Not long ago Lamartine was in London; what he saw here our readers remember with a smile; but his object in coming here was not the philosophic idea of contemplating the vastness and grandeur of that England which his ancient colleague, Ledru Rollin, discovered to be in a decline; he came to raise money. *Perfidie Albion* jingles loose silver in its insolent pockets; why should not French genius put its hand also into those pockets? To a poet in want of cash the idea was an "inspiration." Lamartine came—he saw—he did not conquer. But that may be explained—the man he saw was a bookseller! He came with a modest proposition to one of our notabilities in the trade. He wanted to make the publisher's fortune.

Nothing simpler than his plan. He would write a work into which his whole soul was to be put:—*palpitant d'actualité* it would astonish Europe—and he would content himself with a poor five thousand pounds as *honorarium*. The publisher would issue it simultaneously in England, France, and Germany, and thus secure an enormous profit. The reason why Lamartine preferred an English publisher being that no French publisher was solvent! Our countryman, with an indifference to Mammon worthy of a philosopher, declined the magnificent proposal; and Lamartine returned to France and sold his work (*L'Histoire du Directoire*) to an association of publishers for 12,000*fr.*, which he hopes to get; he has also sold his new novel (mentioned by us as completed some weeks ago), *Le Tailleur de Pierre de Saint Point*, to the *Sicile* newspaper, wherein it will shortly appear (a hint for which translators may thank us.)

Captain J. D. Cunningham, the author of the "History of the Sikhs," has been recalled to public employment.—The Queen has granted pensions on the Civil List of 100*l.* a year each to Mrs. Belzoni, the aged widow of the celebrated traveller, and to Mr. Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, and of several contributions to periodical literature, who is, we regret to hear, a great sufferer from bodily infirmities.—Granier de Cassagnac, author of the paradoxical, but lively work on the causes of the French Revolution, has entered the field against Lamartine and his "History of the Directory," and intends publishing his *Histoire du Directoire* in a feuilleton.—At Messrs. Puttick's sale of autographs last week a quaint letter of the Duke of Wellington, declining to present a Mr. Eddy to her Majesty before he knows something about him, even though he be a graduate at the University, was sold for 14*s.*—Letters from Bombay announce that Dr. Buist, editor of *The Bombay Times* and the unwearied promoter of industrial schools and polytechnic institutions in Hindustan, has been appointed sheriff of that city, as a reward for his exertions in behalf of those educational establishments.—A three days' sale of autograph letters, &c., at Messrs. Puttick & Simpson's during the last week, contained a few lots that deserve enumeration. The painters sold well. A letter of Rubens (two pages folio), brought 3*l.* 15*s.*—and a letter of Nicholas Poussin's (one page folio) 3*l.* 5*s.* The poets too maintained their prices:—a letter of Pope's bringing 2*l.* 4*s.*—and the well-known letter from Kirke White to the editor of the *Monthly Review* as much as 4*l.*—The last survivor of Cook's voyages, whose name is John Wade, is now living at Kingston-on-Thames. He was born in New York, May 1, 1751, at the time it was still an English colony, and is consequently nearly a hundred years old. He was fifty-four years in the navy, and was on shore with Captain Cook when he was killed at Owyhee. He also served at Cape St. Vincent, Teneriffe, Nile, Copenhagen, Camperdown, and Trafalgar, at every victory, in short, that has graced the British annals for the last eighty years. *He is now begging his bread.*

On Wednesday the British Museum was re-opened to the public. It will continue open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 till 4 o'clock, until the 30th of April, and from the 7th of May until the 31st of August from 10 till 7 o'clock, and for the remainder of the year from 10 till 4. The works not yet complete in the western galleries, the Assyrian antiquities still remain in their temporary place of deposit in the basement. The celebrated Great Bull of Nineveh is also for the present placed in the vestibule. The idea of erecting a wall in front of the Museum, facing Great Russell-street, has been abandoned. The building is now to be enclosed by an ornamental iron palisade, having a central and two other lodges, fronting each wing.—The number of students attending Trinity College, Dublin, has decreased very considerably. In *The Dublin University Calendar* for 1851, there appear the names of only 223 pensioners and 16 fellow-commoners,—in all, 239 in the senior freshman class,—that is, the class that entered Trinity College in the year 1849. In the junior freshman class, which entered in the year 1850, there appear the names of 227 pensioners, and 13 fellow-commoners,—in all, only 240.—A new and rather curious autograph has been offered, it is said, to the National Library of Paris. It consists of an unpublished ode of *Piron*, the well-known author of "*La Métempsé*." It is entitled "*Les Confessions de mon Oreiller*" ("Confessions of my Pillow"), and is considered by connoisseurs to be decidedly authentic. It is signed and headed thus:—"To be given to the public a hundred years after my death."

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

MARRIAGES.

CORBOLD—BOONE.—On the 22nd December, by the Rev. —Neville, at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Edward Charles John, eldest and only surviving son of the Rev. Edward Corbold, rector of Long Melford, Suffolk, also of Watlington, in Norfolk, to Elizabeth Cassandra, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Charles Boone, vicar of Kensworth, Herts.

DRY—PRENTICE.—On the 6th January, at North Walsham,

by the Rev. T. Dix, rector of Thwaite, uncle of the bride,

the Rev. Thomas Dry, Head Master of the Grammar

School, and curate of the parish of North Walsham, to

Susanna, third daughter of John Prentice, Esq., of the

same place.

DEATHS.

BASTIAT.—On the 24th December, M. Frederic Bastiat, the celebrated French political economist, and a representative of the National Assembly, at Rome.

BEM.—On the 11th December, at Aleppo, General Bem, after a short illness. He died a Mussulman, and thus received all the honours due to his rank.

BLACKWOOD.—On Tuesday, the 7th January, Captain Sir Henry Martin Blackwood, in command of Her Majesty's ship *Vengeance*, 84, at Portsmouth.

CARRER.—On the 23rd December, at Venice, the poet Luigi Carrer.

DAVIES.—On the 6th January, at Broomhall College, Shooter's-hill, T. S. Davies, Esq., F.R.S. London and Edinburgh, and F.A.S., in his 57th year.

DRUMMOND.—Suddenly, on the 5th January, Mr. George Drummond, one of the partners in the banking firm at Charing-cross.

GORDON.—On the 28th December, at Balmaghie House, Castle Douglas, in Scotland, Rear-Admiral James Murray Gordon, aged 68.

GORDON.—On the 4th January, General Sir James Wilmourghy Gordon, G.C.B., G.C.H., Quartermaster-General to the Forces.

HAVILAND.—On the 8th January, at his residence in Trumpington-street, Dr. Haviland, who held the appointment of Regius Professor of Medicine at Cambridge since 1817. Dr. Haviland graduated as twelfth Wrangler, and a Member of St. John's College in 1807.

LAPIE.—Lately, in France, M. Pierre Lapie, a geographical celebrity, from whose hand have issued a multitude of valuable maps.

LEOPOLD.—On New-Year's day, Prince [Paul Alexander Leopold, of Lippe Detmold, in his 56th year.

MILNE.—Recently, in London, Mr. Joshua Milne, author of the celebrated "Treatise on Annuities and Assurances," aged 78.

OGILVY.—On the 14th December, at Edinburgh, Mrs. Ogilvy, of Corrinony. She was a daughter of W. Fraser Tytler, Esq., and, as "Margaret Fraser Tytler," was well known as the authoress of a very popular series of works for the young—"Tales of the Great and Brave," "Tales of Good and Great Kings," "Lives of Celebrated Admirals," &c.

OSBALDISTON.—Last week, Mr. David Webster Osbaldiston, who has held the reins of management at various London theatres,—and at the time of his decease was lessee of the Victoria. *The Manchester Examiner and Times* says, Mr. Osbaldiston was a native of that city, and brought up in a Manchester warehouse,—his friends being manufacturers of calicoes, fustians, &c. His taste for theatricals led him to join an amateur performance at the old Theatre Royal there, for the benefit of the city's charitable institutions,—and the success of that night prompted him to a player's life for the future.

ROWBOATH.—Recently, at Hampstead, Mr. Robotham, a clock and watchmaker, of Hampstead, at the age of 90. He told his son and many other persons that in his youth the Upper Terrace Avenue, on the south-west side of Hampstead Heath, was known by the name of "The Judges' Walk," from the circumstance of prisoners having been tried there during the Plague of London. He further stated that he had received this information from his grandmother.

SCHUMACHER.—On the 29th December, at Altona, Professor Schumacher, the celebrated astronomer, an irreparable loss to science, his friends, and his family.

SZOUN.—In December, the painstaking singer, Mr. W. Seguin.

STURGEON.—On the 15th January, at Manchester, Mr. William Sturgeon, so well known for his scientific attainments, where he had for some years filled the office of lecturer on science to the Royal Victoria (Gallery of Practical Science).

WILMOT.—On the 2nd January, at the Union Hotel, Cockspur-street, the eminent horticulturist, and President of the Market Gardeners' Society, John Wilmot, Esq.

PUBLISHERS' CIRCULAR.

MESSRS. HARPER, of New York, have received and will issue immediately, a holiday book by the author of *Mary Barton*, entitled, "The Christmas Fagot."

A special jury of London citizens have given a verdict of 5,000*l.* damages to Mr. JAMES BOHN, the seller of rare books and manuscripts, against SLOMAN, the sheriff's officer of London, for an illegal and injurious sale of a large portion of Mr. BOHN's property, in 1846, under a writ of execution wrongfully issued. The declaration in the action imputed fraud and collusion of SLOMAN with other parties to gain increased sheriff's poundage on the sale; and Lord Chief Justice CAMPBELL expressed his astonishment that a sheriff's officer of thirty years' experience should have acted with so little precaution as had been shown in some features of the case.

List of New Books,

MUSIC, ENGRAVINGS, AND WORKS OF ART,

Published between Dec. 14, and Jan. 14, 1851.

[N.B.—The following list is obtained from the returns of the Publishers themselves, and its accuracy may, therefore, be relied on.]

ART.

Wilkie Gallery. Imp. 4to. 3*l.* 0*s.*

ARCHITECTURE.

Country Houses, including Designs for Cottages, Villas, and Farm Houses. 320 Illustrations. 8vo., 2*5s.*

BOTANY.

The Tourist's Flora. By Joseph Woods, F.L.S. 8vo., 1*8s.*
Popular History of British Sea-weeds. By the Rev. D. Landsborough. Royal 16mo., plates, 10*s.* 6*d.*

BIOGRAPHY.

Captain Crawford's Reminiscences of a Naval Officer; with Sketches of Admirals Sir E. Owen, Sir B. Hallowell Carew, &c. 2 vols. Portraits. 2*1s.* bound.
Lives of Illustrious Englishmen. Vol. 6. 8vo., 9*s.*
Curran and his Contemporaries. By Charles Phillips, Esq., B.A. 8vo., 12*s.* 6*d.*

EDUCATION.

Chambers's Edinburgh Journal. Vol. XIV., royal 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cloth boards.
Chambers's Papers for the People. Vol. VI., crown 8vo. In fancy-coloured boards. 1*s.* 6*d.*

First German Reading Book. With Notes in English. By Carl Eduard Aue, Ph. D. fcp. 8vo. 2*s.* cloth boards.
Life and Works of Burns. Vol. I. Edited by Robert Chambers.

FICTION.

Merkland. A Story of Scottish Life. By the Author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland, of Sunny Side." 3 vols.
Time, the Avenger. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham." The Lancashire Witches, a Romance of Pendle Forest. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. 2*s.* 6*d.*; fcp. 3*s.*; cloth, 4*s.*
Alton Locke, Tailor and Poet, an Autobiography. 2nd. Edition. (Chapman and Hall's Series.) 2 vols. cloth. 8vo. 1*8s.*
Ghost Stories and Tales of Mystery. fcp. 8vo., 5*s.* Illustrated by Philz.
Henry Smeaton. A Jacobite Roman of the Days of George the First. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols., post 8vo. 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*
Scenes from Italian Life. By L. Moirrotte. Author of "Italy, Past and Present. 10*s.* 6*d.*
Swiss Family Robinson. Fcp. 8vo., 4*s.* 6*d.* Illustrations.
Evenings at Home. fcp. 8vo., 3*s.* 6*d.* Illustrations.
Now and Then. By Samuel Warren, Esq., F.R.S. Post 8vo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

GEOLOGY.

Popular Mineralogy. By Henry Sowerby. Plates. Royal 16mo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

HISTORY.

Gibbon's Roman History illustrated. Royal 8vo., 1*l.* 1*6s.*
Life and Reign of Charles I. By I. Disraeli. Edited by his son, B. Disraeli, M.P. 2 vols. 8vo., 2*8s.* bound.
Peppys' Diary and Correspondence. 6 vols. Vol. I. 6*s.* Portraits.
Bertha. A Romance of the Dark Ages. By W. B. Mac Cabe, Esq., Author of a "Catholic History of England." 3 vols. Post 8vo., 1*l.* 1*1s.* 6*d.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

Episodes of Insect Life. Crown 8vo. Third and concluding Series. With index. Illustrated. 2*1s.* coloured; 1*6s.* plain.
Voices from the Woodlands. By Mary Roberts. Royal 16mo., plates, 10*s.* 6*d.*
Popular History of Mammalia. By Adam White, F.L.S. plates. Royal 16mo., 10*s.* 6*d.*

MEDICINE.

Pharmacopœia Nosocomii in Curam Morborum Cutaneorum. 32mo. 1*s.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Farmer's Dictionary. Vol. I. 8vo., 1*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*
Gazetteer of the World. 8vo.; Div. IV., 10*s.* Part VIII. 5*s.*
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Works in the Press.

The following are some of the New Works announced for early publication.

The British Palæozoic Fossils, added by Professor Sedgwick to the Woodwardian Museum. By Professor McCoy. Royal 4to., plates.
The Victoria Regiæ. By Sir W. J. Hooker, F.R.S. Imp. fol. Illustrated by Fitch.
The Rhododendrons of Sikkim-Himalaya. By Dr. Hooker. Illustrated by W. Fitch. Second Series.
Elementary Physics, with numerous wood-cuts. Fcp. 8vo. By Robert Hunt.
Drops of Water; a History of Animalcules. By Agnes Calkow. 12mo., plates.
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The English Ordinal. By Rev. M. Walcott, M.A. 8vo.
A Second Volume of Parochial Sermons. By Rev. T. Ainger, B.D. 12mo.
The Church in the World; or, the Living among the Dead. By Rev. J. B. Smith, M.A. Small 8vo.
A New Harmony of the Gospels, in the Form of Lectures. By Rev. L. V. Harcourt, M.A. 3 vols. 8vo.
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Stillings on Popery. A New Edition, with Preface and Notes. By W. Cunningham, D.D. Edinburgh. Fcp. 8vo.
Thoughts on Popery. By the late W. Nevins, D.D., Baltimore. 18mo.

The Authority of the Scriptures inspired of God. Three Discourses delivered at Geneva. By J. H. Merle D'Aubigne, D.D. Translated with Prefatory Note. By Rev. W. K. Tweedie, Edinburgh.

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(Signed) JOHN PITT.

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